

PENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—No. CLXXXIX.

ADELGITHA;

OR,

THE FRUITS OF A SINGLE ERROR.

A Tragedy.--In Five Acts.

BY

Matthew
M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "ADELMORN THE OUTLAW," "CASTLE SPECTRE," "ALPHONSO, KING OF CASTILE," ETC.

*With Original Casts, Costumes, and all the Stage Business, as marked by
Mr. J. B. Wright, Stage Manager of the Holiday Street Theatre,
Baltimore.*

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
123 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF WATER (UP STAIRS).

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<p>MICHAEL DUCAS, Emperor of Byzantium, ROBERT GUISCARD, Prince of Apulia, LOTHAR, } Norman knights, TANCRED, } ALCIPHON, } Grecian noblemen, DERCETUS, } RAINULF, } Officers of Guiscard, JULIAN, }</p> <p>ADELGITHA, Princess of Apulia, IMMA, Princess of Byzantium, ABBESS OF ST. HILDA, CLAUDIA, an Italian lady,</p>	<p>Philadelphia, 1822. Mr. Wood, " Wilson, " H. Wallack, " " " J. Jefferson, " Hathwell, " Murray, " Green, Mrs. Tatnall, " Anderson, " " " Jefferson,</p>	<p>Park, New York, 1822. Mr. Pritchard, " Woodhull, " G. H. Barrett, " " " Wheatley, " Nexsen, " Reed, " Bancker, Mrs. Battersby, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Wheatley, Miss Jones,</p>	<p>Boston National, 1838. Mr. W. Pelby, " W. H. Smith, " Crane, " Duy, " Thomas, " C. H. Saunders, " J. Adams, " Marshall, Mrs. Pelby, " Anderson, " Nelson, " "</p>	<p>Boston National, 1851. Mr. J. J. Prior, " T. Barry, " J. B. Booth, Jr., " Flood, " Munroe, " J. R. Paulin, " Lee, " Sandford, Mrs. C. Pope, " J. J. Prior, Miss Parker, Mrs. J. R. Vincent,</p>	<p>Boston, National, 1854. Mr. J. B. Studley, " L. P. Roys, " G. W. Stoddart, " Barton, " Brown, " B. Duffy, " Hernden, " Taylor, Mrs. Farren, " Fleming, " " Miss Allen.</p>
<p>MICHAEL DUCAS, Emperor of Eyzantium, ROBERT GUISCARD, Prince of Apulia, LOTHAR, } Norman knights, TANCRED, } ALCIPHON, } Grecian noblemen, DERCETUS, } RAINULF, } Officers of Guiscard, JULIAN, }</p> <p>ADELGITHA, Princess of Apulia, IMMA, Princess of Byzantium, ABBESS OF ST. HILDA, CLAUDIA, an Italian lady,</p>	<p>St. Louis Theatre, 1856. Mr. J. B. Studley, " J. E. Nagle, " Walters, " Golden, " Gill, " Brucciani, " Chaplin, " Gorman, Mrs. Farren, " J. E. Nagle, " " " Johnson,</p>	<p>Wood's Theatre, 1857. Mr. W. H. Leighton, " E. L. Tilton, " S. Myers, " Graham, " Hancker, " Jacques, " F. Williams, " D. Myron, Miss Eliza Logan, Mrs. Kate Denin Ryan, Miss Lizzie Safford, Mrs. S. Myers,</p>	<p>Boston Museum, 1857. Mr. J. Davies, " E. F. Keach, " Bascom, " H. W. Finn, " Willis, " Wheelock, " Wilson, " Lake, Mrs. Farren, Miss R. Skerrett, Mrs. Preston,</p>	<p>Boston Museum, 1858. Mr. J. Davies, " L. P. Barrett, " J. Wilson, " Lara, " Wheelock, " J. F. Small, " Blaisdell, Miss Eliza Logan, " R. Skerrett, " Anderson.</p>	

The scene lies at Otranto ; period of action, 1080. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.

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L58a

COSTUMES.

MICHAEL. Light blue merino shirt to the knee, and crimson merino toga, trimmed heavily with gold; fleshings, crimson sandals; gold coronet, and dark brown wig.

GUISCARD. *First Dress.* Red shirt trimmed with gold, and over it a hauberk of rings, mascles, or square plates of steel; legs to correspond; helmet conical, with a gold band and nasal to guard the face; dark wig; shield, heater-shaped, and worn round the neck by a strap; cross-bar'd sword. *Second Dress.*—Long, dark crimson merino shirt and dark blue robe, trimmed with gold; jewelled collar; waist-belt; crimson skull-cap, and coronet. *Third Dress.*—Shirt without the robe; sandals or boots to the ankle, embroidered.

LOTHAIR.—Armor same style as Guiscard. *Second Dress.*—White merino shirt, and small red toga or shoulder drapery, trimmed with gold; brown wig; fleshings, and sandals or boots embroidered.

TANCRED.—Armor same style as Guiscard.

ALCIPHON. White shirt; armor; toga trimmed with gold; fleshings and sandals.

DERCETUS. Red shirt; plum-colored toga, trimmed with silver; fleshings and sandals.

RAINULF. Same style armor as Guiscard, but blue steel.

JULIAN. Same style as Guiscard.

KNIGHTS. Norman armor; fleshings and sandals.

SOLDIERS. Red hauberks; helmets, with nasal piece; heater or share shaped shields; spears; fleshings and sandals.

PEASANTS.—Frieze shirts of different colors, to the knee; and fleshings and sandals; bareheaded.

CITIZENS. Same as peasants, with small togas or shoulder-drapery; bare-headed.

SAILORS IN GALLEY. Frieze shirts, fleshings, sandals, &c.

PAGES. Scarlet hauberk, trimmed with ermine; large sleeves; fleshings, and embroidered ankle boots to lace up in front; scarlet skull-caps.

ADELGITHA. *First Dress.* Black merino corset body, to lace up the front, and square at the neck, long over the hips, and trimmed with sable; black merino, demi-train dress. *Second Dress.*—Scarlet corset body, trimmed with gold and ermine; gold braid lace up the front and seams; white merino skirt trimmed heavily round bottom with gold, tiara, collar, and jewelled appointments. *Third Dress.*—Same style, green trimmed with gold.

IMMA. Fawn merino, Grecian body and half skirt; white merino skirt and toga, the edges of the whole dress to be trimmed with gold, in a Greek pattern.

ABBESS. Loose black dress, long sleeves; black veil, &c.

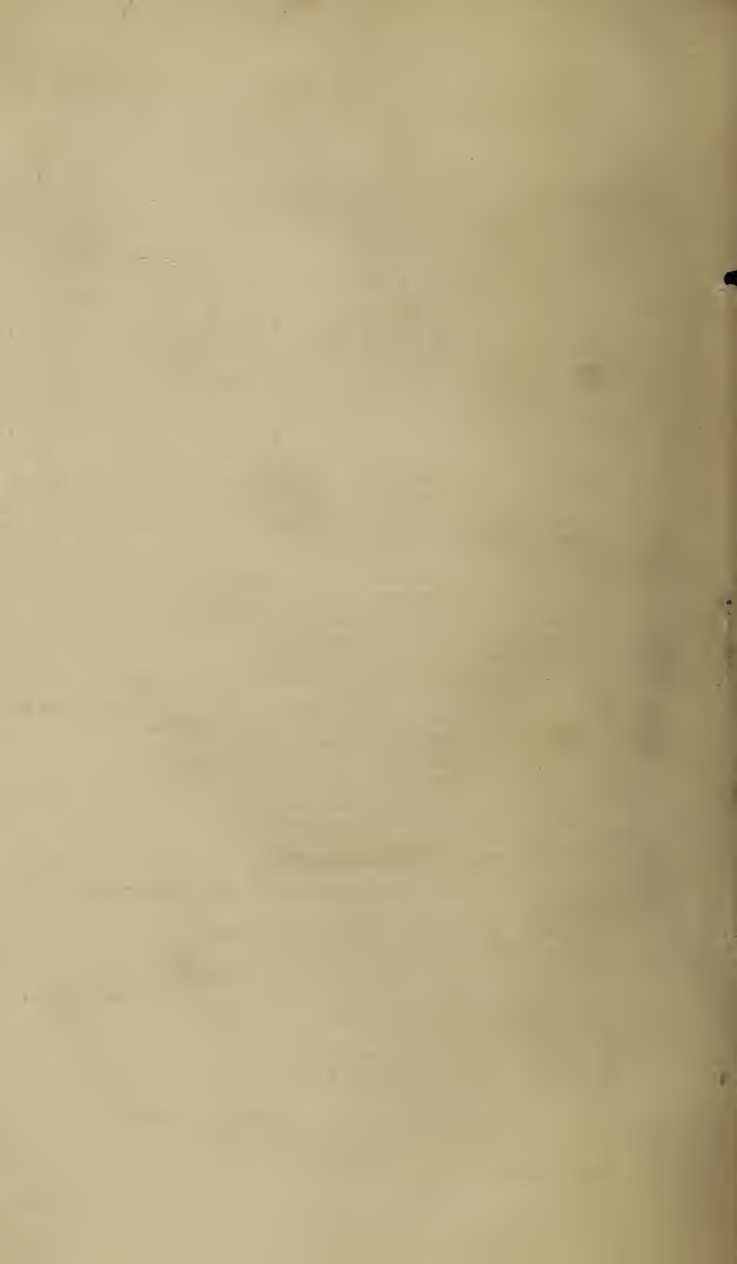
CLAUDIA. Black corset body, trimmed with ermine; scarlet skirt, demi-train, trimmed with silver.

NUNS. Same style as Abbess.

LADIES. Same style as Adelgitha.

FEMALE PEASANTS. Various-colored merino loose gowns, small togas, or shoulder drapery.

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ADELGITHA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Grove, with the Chapel and Shrine of St. Hilda, 3 and 4 G. — In the latter lamps are burning, and the doors are closed. — The sun is rising. — CLAUDIA is discovered leaning against a pillar of the shrine, L. F.*

Claudia. Hail, welcome morn ! at length thy rising glories
Gleam on the convent spires ; and, lo ! yon lamps
With fainter rays illumine the shrine's arched windows
Where Adelgitha watches. Sure, if virtue
E'er found peculiar favor from high Heaven,
Her prayers are heard, and Guiscard lives and triumphs.

(A bell tolls, and nuns are seen descending, 2 E. R. H.)

Hark ! 't was the convent bell ; and see, the abbess,
To chant their matins in yon chapel, leads
Her white-robed train. Ah, Heaven-devoted sisters,
How wise that choice which from *her* pangs exempts you,
Who weeps away the night, and dreads at morning
To hear a son or husband lives no more !

The ABBESS of St. Hilda enters with a train of nuns, 2 E. R. H.

Claud. (kneeling). Most honored lady, at thy feet in duty
Suppliant I bend.

Abbess. May the saint's blessing, daughter,
Aid thee to struggle 'gainst a sinful world,
And guide thy pilgrim steps to grace and goodness !

(CLAUDIA rises.)

Ha ! wherefore burn those lamps ?

Claud. In yonder shrine
With prayer and penance has Apulia's princess
Passed the long night, imploring Heaven that morn
Might bring glad tidings of her lord in safety.

Ab. Well may she rue that day when Michael Ducas,
Byzantium's exiled emperor, sought these shores,
And sued at Guiscard's feet for aid and shelter.
His suit was granted, and perhaps ere this

That life, on which depends Apulia's welfare,
Has perished by some Grecian rebel's sword.

Claud. And can such fears alarm St. Hilda's abbess?
Doubts she of heavenly love or heavenly justice?
Has Virtue guardian angels?—if she has,
Then guardian angels watch o'er Guiscard's safety!

Ab. Against that virtue weigh the cause he fights for.

Claud. The cause he fights for is an exiled king's.

Ab. Weigh, too, that exile's guilt, which lost him empire.

Claud. He who that empire seized was guiltier far.
Erred Michael?—still Alexius was his subject.

Wronged were the Greeks?—still Michael was their king.

Ab. What then, are subjects bound, and sovereigns free;
Free to be proud, vindictive, cruel, false—
In fine, to be what Michael was?

Claud. No, mother;

But that which Michael was he is not now.
His power is crushed. Led by his weeping daughter,
Suppliant I saw him kneel at Guiscard's throne,
And none to Guiscard ever knelt in vain.

I feel like Guiscard; feel that heart is marble
Which heaves no sigh at sight of ruined greatness;
And hate that light which only glares to show
Faults which affliction's iron hand has chastened.

Ab. Claudia, thy blame is just; I own my error;
And when reproof swells on my lips again,
I'll think, "*he suffers!*"—and reserve my censure
For those who sin and prosper!—Means your princess
To join our matin rites?

Claud. She waits your coming.

Ab. 'Tis well (*Going.*)—yet comes not Claudia?

Claud. Straight I'll follow;

But, lo! Byzantium's princess, beauteous Imma,
Bends to this shrine her steps. O, chide not, mother,
If from your pious rites I steal some moments
To whisper comfort to yon royal mourner!

Ab. Chide thee? Nay, Claudia, take my heart's best wishes
To aid thy gracious office.

Now, sisters, to the chapel. Farewell, daughter.

[*Exeunt Abbess and nuns into chapel, c. doors.*]

Claud. So sad? I fear, I fear our unowned youth—
Ah, why is virtuous love so rarely happy?

Enter IMMA and ladies, 1 E. L. H.

Imma (speaking to herself). Still does he live? Sun, does he see thee still?

Or that pure blaze which fires the orient sky,
So bright to others— is it dark to him?
O, father, father!

Could'st thou but think like me, a straw-thatched cottage,
Lothair, and you, would fill my heart's whole circle,
And then who would might wear Byzantium's crown.

Claud. So early from thy couch, my princess?

Im. O, such a night, my Claudia!

Such sights, such bloody glaives, such burning towns,
Filled all my broken dreams!—

No news yet from Durazzo?

Claud. Lady, none;

But soon—

Im. O, dread suspense! my father's throne,
Perhaps his *life*, hangs on this battle's issue.
Perhaps, ere this, our good, our glorious champion
Has signed in blood our ruin and his own;
And Adalgitha soon, o'er Guiscard's corse,
Will curse the day she pitied exiled Imma.

Claud (*artfully*). Perhaps *Lothair* too—

Im. (*catching the name with eagerness*). Ay, that good *Lothair*!
He, *he!* the gentlest, loveliest, bravest, best!

He, whose kind arms, on the Adriatic waves,
From pirates saved my life and dearer honor.

O, ere I hear those words, "Lothair has perished!"

Come, friendly death, and join me to *Lothair*!

Claud. *Lothair*—a foundling youth—a nameless warrior;
And *thou* *Byzantium's* princess?

Im. O, I know it!

Know that my passion's folly, ruin, madness—
But still—I *love!* and, loving, still must think
Thy deeds, *Lothair*, more noble than my birth,—
Thy heart, *Lothair*, more precious than my treasures;
And one fond glance shot from thine eyes more brilliant
Than all the jewels in my father's crown.

Claud. See, where that father comes.

Im. He frowns! away then;

I dare not meet him now.

(*Crosses to L. H.*)

Claud. What fear you, princess?

Those frowns are not for you.

Im. Alas! alas!

When thus he frowns he's ever fearful, Claudia.

He had a page—no fairer, sweeter child

E'er blest a mother. Dear my father loved him;

Yet, stung with sudden rage—O, can I tell it?—

He stabbed him—stabbed the innocent boy! O, Heaven!

How painful 't is to mark a parent's errors,

And not esteem where duty bids us love!

He comes. Fly, Claudia, fly! [*Exeunt into the chapel, c. d.*]

Enter MICHAEL DUCAS and DERCETUS, 2 E. R. H.

Michael. I'll hear no more.

Must I not sleep nor wake, but sung to rest,
Or from my slumbers roused, with Guiscard's praises?
The screech-owl's boding cry—the approaching howl
Of famished wolves—the chant of midnight witches—
Nay, e'en my only child's expiring groan,
Were music to the praise of him I hate.

Dercetus. And wherefore hate him? Serves he not your cause?
Is 't not for *you*, that now before Durazzo
His troops are leaguered, and his life exposed?
Is 't not for you —

Mich. Now be that hour forever
Accursed which saw the emperor of Byzantium,
Suppliant, implore a Norman pirate's aid!
I was not born to *ask*, but to *command*;
My task was to *confer*, not *sue* for favors:
Yet now by Guiscard's aid, through Guiscard's bounty
'T is given me to exist. O, curses, curses!
I sink oppressed by weight of obligations,
And each fresh service seems an added crime.

Der. Yet, in *his* eyes, whose interest they advance,
E'en crimes might well look fair.

Mich. No, no: were life
And empire at my choice, I 'd rather plunge
In neighboring Ætna, than owe life and empire
To this new Cato's grace, this Norman Brutus!
But last night, Dercetus,
A ruffian, hot with wine, cried, "Lo! where goes
The pensioned emperor! Had he ruled like Guiscard,
He need not here exist on Guiscard's alms."
Gods! what strange patience must that man possess,
Who calmly listens to a rival's praises,
Nor loathes that glory which obscures his own! (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Der. (*aside*). The ungrateful tyrant chills my blood with horror.

Mich. What say'st thou, slave?

Der. If thus his sight afflicts you,
Soon come the hour when you shall meet no more.

Mich. That hour is past, if Phocion's sword be sharp.

Der. Phocion?

Mich. That Persian slave who left Otranto —
Three days since then are o'er — conveyed to Phocion
My mandate, 'midst the battle's heat and tumult,
To plunge his sword in Guiscard's heart.

Der. (*shuddering*). O, emperor!

Mich. Then will I seize my rival's falling sceptre,
Use it to strike Alexius from my throne,
And, placing Adalgitha there, salute her
Queen of Byzantium and of Michael's heart.

Der. Will she accept that heart?

Mich. She will — she must.

Der. What! she, the model of all wives, all women!
Whose passion for her lord — On man ne'er doated
Woman, as doats on Guiscard Adalgitha.
Her love — her virtue —

Mich. There 's the charm, Dercetus!
But, O, 't were bliss to bend this stubborn beauty,
Crush the proud fabric of her idol, honor,
And, while she weeps to view its ruins, teach her
She 's fond, and frail, and false — in short, a woman! (*Crosses L.H.*)

By Claudia's lips she charged me here attend her.

(*The organ is heard, U. E. R. H.*)

And hark ! the organ speaks the matins o'er ;
The doors unclose. She comes — retire, Dercetus.

[*Exit DERCETUS, 1 E. R. H.*

(*The doors of the shrine open, centre. — ADELGITHA is discovered in mourning, kneeling at an altar. — IMMA, CLAUDIA, the ABBESS and nuns, surround her. — During the following speech, IMMA kneels to MICHAEL DUCAS, and seems to receive his blessing.*)

Adelgitha. Chaste sisters, take my thanks ! Your holy comfort
Was balm to my torn heart. Though sad, I 'm tranquil ;
Though cheerful, I 'm resigned ; and now, submissive,
I 'll meet Heaven's will, let Heaven or smile or frown.

Ab. Just is thy thought, and for the world 't were well
Thought all like thee. Now pardon, gracious princess !
For convent duties call me hence.

Adel. Dear mother,

Use your free will ; your will is my best pleasure.

(*Abbess and nuns return to the convent, 2 E. R. H.*)

Adel. (to CLAUDIA). Friend, join the train — yon height o'erlooks
the bay ;

Thence may'st thou first discern the bark which brings me
Those tidings which I long, yet dread, to hear.

Im. O, be that office mine ! With restless eye
I 'll watch the waves ; no, not a speck shall 'scape me ;
And when at length I spy the wished-for sail,
So swift I 'll speed I 'll make the zephyrs jealous
To find their wings outstripped.

Adel. My kind, sweet Imma !

Im. (*kissing her hand*). My friend, my brother, Claudia, come !

[*Exit with CLAUDIA, R. H. 1 E.*

Mich. Now, princess,
Obedient to your summons —

Adel. We 're alone,

And what I 've now to say requires no witness.
When driven by desperate rebels from Byzantium,
'T was here you sought protection.

Mich. Say 't was here I found it.

Adel. Our means were small ; our court can boast no splendor ;
But what was ours we gave.

Mich. And gave it nobly ;

Gave it with freedom, which endeared the gift.

Adel. E'en at this hour my lord beneath Durazzo
Sustains your cause.

Mich. He does.

Adel. His wealth is lavished,
His blood is risked for you.

Mich. I own his favors ;

Sure, if to man

E'er man owed gratitude, to him I owe it.

(*Crosses to L. H.*)

Adel. Your gratitude ?

Mich. 'T is his, and his of right :
None doubts it, sure !

Adel. (*significantly*). None *should*.

Mich. (*haughtily*). None dares !

Adel. None *does*.

Know you that scroll ? (*Showing a letter.*)

Mich. (*starting*). Ha, faithless slave ! the letter
I sent to Phocion. (*Aside.*)

Adel. Robbers slew the bearer,
And 'midst his plunder was this writing found.
Straight to my hands 't was given ; for e'en those robbers
Whose blood, if seized, had streamed by Guiscard's justice,
Rejoiced to save that precious life, which *he*
For whom that life is risked would fain have taken.

Mich. Confusion ! (*Aside.*)

Adel. Here it stands, the ungrateful name :
Is 't not thy hand — thy seal ? And, were *these* wanting,
Does not the inhuman business it enjoins
Declare that none but Michael was the writer ?
Canst thou deny —

Mich. My heart can bear no more,
And I must vent its rage or die ! (*Aside.*) Yes, princess,
Yes, 't was my hand which traced that plan of death ;
And, from my soul, I wish the murder done.
I hate thy Guiscard ! hate him fiercely, deadly !
And would'st thou know what most excites my hate ?
He 's Adelgitha's husband !

Adel. (*surprised*). How ? what cause —

Mich. Princess, I love thee !

Adel. (*starting — then, after a moment's pause, with contempt*).
Thou !

Mich. To frenzy love thee !
And with what strange, what fierce, what desperate passion,
Judge by this rash avowal. Those bright eyes,*
If I am guilty, lighted me to guilt.

They bade me murder Guiscard ; *they* seduced me
Suppliant to clasp the Norman pirate's knees !
They make me feel — those stars of Michael's fortune —
Michael were wretched on Byzantium's throne
Unless he shared that throne with Adelgitha.

Adel. If I so long have listened to these insults,
'T is that surprise and anger struck me dumb. —
Thou rival Guiscard ? Could'st thou hope her love
Who shares that hero's could e'er stoop to *thee* ?
Thou only could'st, by thinking
My taste erroneous as thy heart is base.

Mich. (*choking with rage*). How, how ?
You wrong me, princess. As my wife and empress,
Placed on Byzantium's throne —

“ ——— ” 'T was I who killed king Edward,
But 't was those heavenly eyes which set me on.”

RICHARD III.

Adel. (ironically). Byzantium's throne?
O, fair and tempting gift! O, generous proffer!
Yet, while you make it, 't were as well, methinks,
Did you reflect, unless by Guiscard's valor,
Byzantium's throne will not be yours to give.
Then pardon, mighty prince, if I decline
These gracious offers; if I dare prefer
Glory with Guiscard to contempt with thee,
And think that he who succors banished kings
Is nobler than a king whose crimes have banished. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Mich. Proud woman, darest thou —

Adel. (with a commanding air). Hold! for Imma's sake
Two days I give thee to provide some refuge:
So long I'll hide thy fault from Guiscard's vengeance;
But on the third this scroll —

Mich. I thank you, princess,
And for two days shall count my life secure,
Depending on a woman's silence.
O, I could dash my front on earth for trusting
To woman's gratitude or woman's sense! (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Adel. (calmly). Thus ever rail their tongues at female judgment,
Who want that worth which merits female love.
But thou, ne'er seeking love, content with pleasure,
Curst with indulgence of each vain caprice,
Suspecting treason e'en on beauty's bosom,
And tasting poison in each honeyed kiss,
May'st thou still think all women false and light,
Incapable of faith, unfit for trust,
And born to be man's slave, not man's companion.
Such may they think us still, who act like thee;
I cannot wish them worse than such to think us.

Imma (without, R. H.). Speed, princess, speed!

Adel. Hark! Imma comes.

Enter IMMA, R. H. 1 E.

Im. O, speed!
Swift cuts a bark the billows, and the shores (*Crosses to L. H.*)
Groan with the throng of anxious citizens.
Shall we not hasten —

Adel. On before, sweet maid.

I'll follow straight.

[*Exit IMMA, L. H. 1 E.*

Adel. (in a decided tone). Forget not what I've said,
Nor brave the lightnings of my hero's eye.
Two rules are Guiscard's; ne'er to sin himself,
And ne'er to pardon others when they sin.
Then dread to meet his wrath; be timely prudent;
Fly with thy shameful secret, fly and live.
Farewell. (*Crosses L. H.*)

Mich. And thou who speak'st so stern and high,
Dost thou not fear that —

Adel. I fear thee? O, no!

Salerno's daughter was not born to fear!

Mich. Salerno's daughter? (*Starting.*)

Adel. Ay ; that name it seems
Has reached your hearing ! then, I need not add,
Dishonor and that name have still been strangers.
And she, whose veins can boast that hero's blood,
And she, whose heart retains that hero's lessons,
Rest thou assured, thinks nothing bright but virtue,
And nothing dreadful but disgrace. [Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

Mich. Salerno's daughter ? should it be — Dercetus !

Enter DERCETUS, R. H. 1 E.

Der. My prince !

Mich. Those letters which the dying Norman
Gave to thy care in Astra's wood — thou hast them ?

Der. The portrait too —

Mich. A portrait ? find it straight,
And bring it to my chamber — speed, Dercetus !

[Exit DERCETUS, R. H. 1 E.]

Mich. (alone). Each fresh reflection gives my hopes fresh vigor ;
And if those hopes prove just, the game's my own.
Compelled to silence — suppliant for my mercy —
My rival dead — but how ? that young Lothair —
'T is plain his heart is Imma's. Could I win him —
Why doubt it ? may not *all* be won ? and has not
Each man his price for those who choose to pay it ?
When offers fail, virtue's not strong — but dear ;
And that stern honor, which disdains a dukedom,
A sceptre shown, will bow and take the bribe. [Exit, R. H. 1 E.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Gothic Chamber, 1 G. — A sofa on R. H.*

Enter IMMA, R. H. 1 E.

Imma. He's safe ! he's well ! O happy, happy Imma !
He's safe ! he's well ! flow, dews of rapture, flow !
Yet is 't real ?
Is 't not a dream, a charm, a fairy fiction ?
O, Heaven, I fear it ! still then breathe, my lips,
To hush my doubts, those words, those heavenly words,
“ He's safe ! he's well ! ” — Hark, hark ! I hear his footsteps !
Lothair (without, L. H.). Imma !
Im. I hear his voice !

Enter LOTHAIR, 1 E. L. H.

Loth. (throwing himself at her feet). My princess !

Im. My Lothair ! (*A moment's pause.*)
Art safe, quite safe, Lothair ? (*Weeping.*)

Loth. Eloquent tears,
What words could speak your meaning ? Safe, sweet, safe,
And Imma's still, and ever, ever Imma's. (*Rises.*)
You ask not of Durazzo's fight ?

Im. I see thee,
And, having thee, have all ! Yet say ! brave Guiscard —

Loth. Is safe, my love ; is conqueror of Durazzo ;
And, ere the sun ascends his mid-day chariot,
The hero's keel will bite Otranto's shore.

Im. Blest be those words for Adelgitha's sake !

Loth. E'en now I left her — hadst thou seen her rapture —
Such tears — such sobs — while, ever and anon,
She thanked Heaven's grace, too bounteous to its handmaid,
Then bade her damsels bring her nuptial robes,
Throw wide her castle-gates to mirth and feasting,
And still exclaimed, " Rejoice, rejoice, Apulia !
Your hero lives, has conquered, and returns ! "

Im. Sure, none e'er felt more love.

Loth. Sure, none e'er gave it

To one more worthy ! O, that great, proud day,
When, scared by Grecian fire and hostile myriads,
Our troops resolved to raise Durazzo's siege,
And thronged to gain their vessels, swift as lightning
Flew Guiscard to the crowded port, and, dashing
The foremost rebel back, — " Turn, turn ! " he cried ;
" Shame to the vanquished ! to the victors glory !
No flight ! no refuge ! no resource but triumph !
Normans, you conquer here, or die ! " he said ;
Then hurled a firebrand midst the fleet, and swiftly
Spread the devouring flames from ship to ship.
Each trembled, each turned pale, till each and all,
Fired by the hero's fire, with one accord
Brandished their swords, struck their broad shields, and shouted,
" Right, Guiscard, right ! we 'll conquer here, or die ! "

Im. 'T was bravely dared ; but, to my ears, Lothair,
The tale of war still bears a painful sound.
I see in captured towns but mangled corpses ;
I hear in victory's shouts but dying groans ;
And think one flower from pity's wreath more precious
Than laurel groves watered with tears of blood.
Your prince is great, is good. I own his virtues ;
But still those virtues wear so stern an aspect —

Loth. Stern to the wicked, lenient to the weak.

Im. Ah, friend, thy partial eyes —

Loth. No, princess, no !

Judge by this fact. That day we forced Durazzo,
While war yet raged, the streets all ran with blood,
And blazing towers crushed in their fall alike
The victors and the vanquished, 'mid the tumult
A fierce Varangian from its mother's arms
Had torn a new-born babe. Wild shrieked the matron
To Heaven for aid —

Im. Alas !

Loth. Nor shrieked in vain,
For Guiscard heard her ! To the tower he flew,
And, while his left hand caught the child, his right

Seized by his yellow locks the wild barbarian,
 And hurled him from the walls. Next with his scarf
 Did Guiscard bind the babe's slight-wounded throat,
 And gently on its mother's breast replaced it.
 Wildly she caught it, sank upon her knee,
 Traced in its blood a cross upon its brow,
 And called it "*Guiscard!*" Then his great heart melted;
 His stout frame trembled, and I saw tears forcing
 Through his closed helm their way. By Heaven! I never
 Thought strength so glorious as I thought his weakness,
 Or man worth envying till I saw those tears!

Im. O, lovely act! Hear it, ye saints, and shower
 Celestial blessings on that hero's head!

Michael (without, R. H.) Where stays the knight?

Im. Hark, 't is my father's voice;
 Dear friend, be wary!

Loth. Fear not.

Enter MICHAEL DUCAS, I E. R. H.

Mich. (C.) Ha, Lothair!

Your mission, warrior?

Loth. (L. H.) Mighty lord, from Guiscard
 I bring glad news! Byzantium's free — the usurper
 Fled none knows whither — and the flag of Ducas
 Floats from Durazzo's towers. My prince more fully
 Details in these his victory. *(Presenting letters.)*

Mich. How, proud youth?

Methinks Byzantium's lord might claim thy knee!

Loth. (calm and firm). Your pardon, emperor — 't is not pride
 restrains me,

But knightly honor. Ne'er may Normans kneel
 Save to their own liege lord; nor e'er from me
 Shall foreign king receive that suppliant homage,
 Sacred to Heaven, my mistress, and my prince.

Mich. Ha! darest thou, haughty stripling —

Im. (R. H.) O, best father,

Unbend that frowning brow! He meant no insult;
 And, though his knee withholds its show of duty,
 Lothair would die to serve you — sooth he would.

Mich. (sternly). Imma, retire!

Im. Alas! have I offended?

Nay, pray you frown not, father — I obey.

[*Exit.*

Loth. (aside, while the emperor opens his letters). In grief she goes.
 (*Looking out.*) Gods! of what marble must that man be framed,
 Who feels not on his heart, like molten lead,
 Each tear his brutal harshness costs a woman? —
 How's this?

Mich. (furious). Thou strumpet, Fortune,
 Wilt thou ne'er blush to follow Guiscard's car,
 Chained like his slave? Still wilt thou shower thy laurels
 On him, and none but him? *He* won the battle!
He seized the town! *He* gives me back my kingdom!

Ere I accept his gift may the earth open
 And swallow up that kingdom ! May Byzantium,
 The day he crowns me, fall on him and me,
 And one vast ruin crush us !

Loth. (aside). What can mean
 This strange and sudden passion ?

Mich. Hear me, youth —
 Darest thou be great, be happy ? Darest thou merit
 My daughter's hand ?

Loth. Great prince —

Mich. I know thou lovest her :
 Darest thou deserve her ? — say.

Loth. Can man deserve
 So bright a gem ? O, if he can, say how !
 Thou canst not say what I'd not dare for Imma.
 Through Arab hosts command me hew my passage,
 And plant the cross e'en on their prophet's tomb ;
 Drop, where Charybdis foams, your crown, and bid me
 Retrieve it from the whirlpool's ravenous jaws ;
 Name aught that's strange and dire — some wondrous deed
 So hard, it joins in one the Herculean labors ;
 So dread, its mention makes the hearer faint —
 Nor doubt, for Imma's sake, that deed I'll do,
 Or perish in the attempt.

Mich. Indeed ! I'll try thee. —
 I have a foe —

Loth. (eagerly). He from this hour is mine.

Mich. He must not live.

Loth. He must not, or Lothair.

Declare your wrongs, his name, and straight I'll seek him,
 And hurl defiance in his face.

Mich. Rash stripling,
 Thou know'st not what thou say'st. So great his power,
 His rank so lofty, never may thine arm
 Be raised 'gainst his in combat.

Loth. What, then, would'st thou ?
 What mean'st thou I should do ?

Mich. Surprise him sleeping,
 Plant in his heart thy sword, and Imma's thine.

Loth. (starting in horror). Sleeping ?

Mich. Straight thy crimson hand
 Shall clasp my daughter's and Byzantium's sceptre.
 Speak but the words, " He's dead " — let me but see
 Thy limbs dyed ghastly beautiful in the blood
 Of that loathed basilisk —

Loth. Hold ! name him not. What I have heard thee say
 Would now compel me to espouse his cause.
 Farewell !

(*Crosses L. H.*)

Mich. Stay, youth — reflect, a crown invites thee,
 A crown and Imma. Be wise, be wise !

Loth. Wise, say'st thou ? Prince, I will be ;
 Since *he* shows wisdom most who most loves virtue.

That narrow cunning, whose short sight ne'er looks
 Beyond this orb and present bliss, perhaps
 Might count these offers tempting ; but true wisdom,
 Whose prescient eye, o'erleaping time and space,
 Describes new worlds, pure joys, and life eternal ;
 This makes me feel man's heaven or hell is conscience ;
 This makes me feel that, robbed of truth and honor,
 Life's charms are lost ; and that, if guilt 's the price,
 E'en Imma's heart would be too dearly purchased.

Mich. Think what thou wert — a nameless, base-born orphan ;
 Think what thou 'rt now — a wandering knight, whose sword
 Must carve his fortune, or he fasts for 't. Gods !
 And must *thou* prate of guilt, and bliss, and conscience ?
 Must thou be delicate, thou foundling, thou ?
 'T is ludicrous — away !

Loth. I hear, and pity
 The man whose pride it soothes to wound a worm.
 Heaven pardon you, as *I* do ! To the point :
 Proudly you ask me what *I was* ? I answer,
 " Born to be that which thou wert born to be —
 A *man* ! " Again you ask me what *I 'm now* ?
 I answer, " that which all admire — a soldier ! "
 Nor can I think it blasts a soldier's courage
 To own he dares not do an act of shame.

Mich. Vile thing ! such notions leave
 The stock from which you sprang no longer doubtful.
 Base were your parents, as your feelings base.

Loth. 'T would sooner strike a generous mind, methinks,
 Not what my parents were, but what I am.
You boast a race by ancestors ennobled ;
I boast a name ennobled by myself.
 Pure from all flaws, and sacred from corruption,
 Read honor's patent written in this scar,
 Received while fighting by my sovereign's side.
 Who dates his line from Egypt's earliest kings,
 May boast more ancient titles, none more glorious ;
 Nor can a monarch's veins hold nobler blood
 Than flowed from mine in service of my country.

Mich. Hence, slave, nor tease me with this cant ! I hate thee !

Loth. If for such thoughts you hate me, prince, I know not
 If most you merit pity or contempt. (*Horn sounds, L. H. U. E.*)
 But hark ! the warder from the beacon tower
 Speaks Guiscard's fleet in sight. I go to join him ;
 Yet, ere I leave thee, learn this truth from me :
 To *love* is happiness ; to *hate* is woe !

And while such actions as deserve to win
 Thy heart's affections, make it swell with venom,
 Thou canst not find worse foes than thine own passions,
 Nor torture others as spite tortures thee. [*Exit, 1 E. L. H.*]

Mich. Braved by this froward boy ? Shame and confusion !
 Yet 't was ill-judged to urge. Now — now, Dercetus !

Enter DERCETUS, R. H. 1 E.

Mich. That portrait — quick !

Der. 'T is here. (*Giving it.*)

Mich. By heavens, the same !

'T is well — retire.

[*Exit* DERCETUS, R. H. 1 E.

Now 'scape me if thou canst,

Imperious dame ! This proof secures thee mine !

Yes, since I hold her secret, she 'll be silent ;

For interest's chains, though fine, are formed so binding,

Their strength can fetter e'en a woman's tongue.* [*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE II. — *The Port of Otranto*, 6 G. — *An extensive view over the Adriatic Gulf.* — *Citizens and peasants, of both sexes, are grouped in attitudes of expectation.* — *Shouts, as scene opens.*

CHORUS.

Smile, Apulia, smile once more !

All thy grief and fears are o'er —

Guiscard's galley seeks thy shore ;

Smile, Apulia, smile once more !

(*The fleet traverses the background.*)

FEMALE PEASANTS.

Valor now his strength reposes ;

War at length has smoothed his frown ;

Duteous love, with freshest roses,

Wreathes the victor's laurel crown.

(*The bugle sounds*, 4 E. R. H.)

CHORUS.

Grateful prayers to heaven ascend !

Shouts of joy the welkin rend ;

While in Guiscard's name we blend

Hero, patriot, sovereign, friend !

Enter LOTHAIR, L. H. 1 E.

(*As the Chorus ends a galley arrives from L. H.* — GUISCARD stands on the deck, attended by TANCRED, RAINULF, and knights. — *All land.*)

ADELGITHA enters, richly dressed, with ladies and attendants,

1 E. R. H.

Adel. Guiscard !

Guis. My Adelgitha !

Adel. (R. C.) Welcome, conqueror ;

Welcome to this fond heart ! O, Heaven, how bravely

The warrior looks, from foreign wars returned,

When propped upon his sword, with blood incrustated,

* The offer made by Michael Ducas to Lothair resembles that of Bajazet to Axalla in Tamerlane ; but it appeared to me that the circumstance of Axalla's princely rank, and of Lothair's obscure origin, gave so different a turn to the two scenes, that I did not think it necessary to alter mine, merely on account of the similarity of the situations. I dare not conclude this note without expressing a hope that no good-natured critic will accuse me of presumptuously intending to enter into a competition with Rowe.

He tells his country, " Rest, loved parent, rest !
Thy son has toiled, and thou may'st sleep securely."
My prince, my hero !

Guis. (L. C.) Nor at Bari's siege
Looked she less glorious, who descried the javelin
Aimed at her husband's breast, and, rushing forwards,
Received it in her own ! then —

Adel. Silence, silence !

Guis. Then tearing from her wound the dart, she kissed it,
Fainted, yet fainting smiled, and, smiling, cried,
" Happy she dies, who dies to save her husband !"

Adel. Blest am I that I did so. O, that moment
Was worth my whole past life ; nor would I barter
The scar that wound has left for all the gems
Which ocean's waves have buried.

Guis. Noble creature !
How, how have I deserved so rich a treasure ? (*Embracing her.*)

Enter MICHAEL DUCAS, *and four guards*, 1 E. L. H.

Michael (*aside*). Ay, seize the present hour ; ere long I'll dash
Your cup of joy with bitter. Hail, Apulia !
I come to thank thee ; but so vast thy claims,
No words can pay my debt.

Favors less great, I own, would please me better,
And my soul shrinks to count my obligations.

Guis. The man who boasts a generous heart ne'er grudges
That bliss to others which himself esteems
Purest and best — the bliss of doing good.
Think thus, Byzantium ; nor is 't much I give thee ;
'Tis but thine own, no more ; Durazzo's thine,
And soon the Grecian crown —

Mich. O, generous spirit,
Which gives a crown as 't were an orange ! Shame
Its fire should only warm Apulia's rocks !
Unsheathe thy sword ; drag from his diamond throne
Arabia's lord, and make his neck thy footstool.
Thou need'st but will it, and 'tis done.

Guis. No, emperor,
I've nor the power nor will. Be mine to rule
Not kingdoms widely stretched, but justly governed :
Few be my subjects, so those few be happy ;
And, if their hearts be mine, I've realms enough.
Here break we off —

(*To* ADELGITHA, *who, during these speeches, seems to welcome the
knights.*)

Best love, I marvel much
You ask not of that danger —

Adel. (*alarmed*). How — what danger ?

Guis. Thou hast not heard, then ? —

Adel. Nothing.

Guis. Mark, then, —
Mark and admire. Hot was the fight — death ranged

Insatiate o'er the field, and his white courser
Dyed its mane red in blood. Darts hid the sun,
And one transfixed my steed. He fell.

Adel. O, heavens!

Guis. Fell, and the usurper marked his fall. He reached me —
I saw his falchion gleam. 'T was raised — one moment,
And all was lost; when, lo! a youth —

Adel. A youth?

Guis. Sprang from his horse, bestrode me. Fierce as guards
Her young the tigress, dealt he blows around:
Now here, now there, on this side and on that,
Till his true sword cut through the usurper's casque,
Who, on his courser's neck, sank senseless.

Adel. Gods!

Guis. Then fled the Greeks full fast. The stripling raised me,
Gave me his steed, regained Durazzo, scaled
Its walls, unbarred the ponderous gates, and bade
The imperial flag stream from its towers, loud shouting,
"Reign, long reign Michael Ducas!"

Adel. O, blest youth!

O, gallant bearing! tell me, my dear lord,
What happy mother boasts so brave a son?
How may I thank him best? O, name him, name him!

Guis. (*smiling*). That youth — behold him in Lothair!

Adel. Was 't he?

O, heart — was 't he, indeed?

Guis. He, none but he,

Whom Adelgitha placed about my person,
And whom she now must thank for Guiscard's life.
Advance, brave youth!

Adel. (*while* LOTHAIR *kneels to her*). I fostered, reared and loved
thee.

If thou hast cost me care, or ow'dst me duty,
Thou hast discharged thy debt. —

(*She takes a chain with a cross from her neck, and throws it round*
LOTHAIR'S.)

Still wear this jewel;

And, while 't is yours, remember, when I gave it
I blest the hour that you received existence,
Since you have lived to rescue Guiscard's life.

Mich. (*aside*). Now should she weep. Right — what exhaustless
rivers

Must female eyes contain!

Loth. I fain would thank thee —

But my full heart — (*Rising.*) O, honored, happy Guiscard!
I'll call from Heaven no blessings on thy head;
Thou hast them all, possessing Adelgitha.
He, on whom Heaven bestows a wife like her,
Whate'er his merits, must be still o'erpaid.

Mich. This praise so fervent —

Loth. Can I praise her coldly,
When that I live and that I merit life

Are both her gifts? Left at her father's gate
A speechless orphan —

Adel. (to *LOTHAIR*). Cease, nor blame that virtue

So nice, to hear even praise too warm offends it.

(*Ironically*, to *MICHAEL*.) O, sir, 't were excellent did all, like you,
Inculcate morals which, like you, they practised!

Mich. Such praise outstrips my merit. (*Aside.*) By yon sun,
I'll be revenged, insulter!

Enter JULIAN, 1 E. R. H.

Julian (to *GUISCARD*, who has been talking with *TANCRED*, &c.).

Prince, the council —

Guisc. I come — *Lothair*, attend me. For a while
Farewell, best love! Warriors, farewell, and, trust me,
The memory of your faith shall live unfading
In *Guiscard's* grateful heart. Well have ye served me;
And, while *Apulia* boasts such sons, her genius,
Though hostile myriads storm her sea-beat coasts,
Shall hear them threaten with a smile of scorn,
Then with her trident plunge them in the billows.

Those swords, which struck so hard in foreign lands,
Shall strike with tenfold strength to guard their own;
And, here I swear, while *Guiscard* rules *Apulia*,
Still shall each soldier say, who draws his sword,
“My country's free; my sovereign's kind and grateful;
His cause is just — and yonder's one loves justice.”

[*Exit with LOTHAIR and knights*, 1 E. R. H., *peasants*, &c., 2 E. L. H.]

Adel. (*going*). My gallant *Guiscard*!

Mich. Lady, stay, and deign
Some moments' audience; but alone.

Adel. (to her attendants, who go off, R. H.) Withdraw.

(To *MICHAEL*, coldly.) Speak, and be brief.

Mich. (*hypocritically*). O, princely dame, unbend
That gloomy brow! Thou seest thy virtue's convert.
Grateful you've spared him that remorse which tortures
Those who pollute the shrine of female honor.

I've witnessed that remorse; that dying knight —

Adel. What knight?

Mich. Some years are past, since, at the chase
In *Astra's* wood I lost my way. *Dercetus*
Alone pursued my steps — night's shades were rising,
When, lo! a groan. We hastened to the place —
A knight lay stabbed by robbers. “Come,” he cried,
“Strangers, approach; and, while I've breath to tell it,
Hear the confession of a guilty man,
And vouch for his remorse.” O, then he told
A tale so sad! — A maid of noble birth
By solemn vows seduced, abandoned, left
To shame and anguish — heavy at that hour
Sat on his soul her wrongs; he charged us find her,
Restore her letters, paint his grief, and bid her

Pray for the sinful soul of George of Clermont! —
The tale affects you, princess.

Adel. (*endeavoring to hide her emotion*). Well it may;
I cannot choose — but pity — that sad lady.

Mich. What, pity her, whose guilty heart has revelled
In wanton love and pleasure's wild excess?
Perhaps her slips of youth forgot, on others
Those fetters now she binds she broke herself;
Perhaps she rules some fond believing husband,
Who thinks her now a saint; but, when he knows her,
He'll throw her from his bosom like a scorpion;
And I'll unmask —

Adel. (*hastily*). The warrior named her not?

Mich. Name her? 't was needless; for the damsel's letters,
So fond, so sad, so full of passion; speaking
In every line her love and shame so plainly! —
This picture, too, though seventeen years since then
Have winged their flight, this swan-like neck must still
Be arched and fair; still must these lips of coral
Swell ripe and full; nor can these eyes have lost
All their dark brilliance. — Please you look, fair princess!
Nay, look, I pray!

(*Forcing her to look at the picture. — She casts a hasty glance
on it, and starts away in terror. — He proceeds, in a tone of
ironical softness.*)

It seems you know these features.

(*In a terrible voice, while he grasps her by the arm.*) Now scorn me
if thou darest! [Exit, 1 E. L. H.]

Adel. (*after a pause, during which she seems petrified with horror,
looks round her with a confused air, then strikes her forehead,
and exclaims like one in despair*). I'm lost! I'm lost!

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Palace Gardens, 4 G. — On R. H. a bank. — The
castle towers are seen through the trees in the background.*

ADEGITHA, much agitated, enters with a letter, followed by CLAUDIA
and DERCETUS, 1 E. R. H.

Adelgitha (*to herself*). This, this to me? (*To DERCETUS.*) 'T is
well; inform thy lord

Claudia shall bear my answer. (*Aside.*) Fiend! barbarian!

Dercetus. Humbly I take my leave. [Exit, 1 E. R. H.]

Adel. (*giving way to her emotion*). O, Claudia, Claudia,
I'm lost, betrayed!

Claudia. Most cruel chance which threw you
Defenceless in his power!

Adel. Read there, and learn
His insults and my danger.

Claud. (*looking on the letter*). How? an audience —
Alone — within twelve hours — else, threats that Guiscard
Shall know —

Adel. (*in despair*). There, there, shall know, shall scorn, shall
hate me!

Claud. I trust not so. Your heart-felt deep contrition —
Your charms, your worth, his passion, all will plead.

Adel. *Thou* think so, *thou* who *know'st* him? *know'st* the value
He sets on female honor? No, I'm lost!

Claud. What must be done? This scroll —
Thou dar'st not disobey it!

Adel. True; I dare not.
Hence with these doubts! I'll meet him!

Claud. How?

Adel. I'll meet him,
Sink at his feet, bathe them with tears, implore him
To spare a frantic wretch; and, if he spurns
Me and my griefs —

Claud. What wilt thou *then* do?

Adel. Die!

Die, Claudia, die! Yes, let the worst befall me,
That last resource is left me still — a dagger!
Better cease to feel, than feel to suffer;
And death's less painful than a life of shame.
Ye powers, who read the human soul, and long have read
Remorse in mine, melt ye his marble heart!

Claud. Heaven grant it! Yet this conference — such close parley,
Such frequent meetings, well may raise suspicion —

Adel. (*alarmed*). True, true.

Claud. Should any curious ear surprise
Your converse —

Adel. I were lost!

Claud. A private passage
Leads to St. Hilda's cave —

Adel. Right! there securely —
Unseen — unheard — O, shame! and shall I steal
From Guiscard's sight to meet the wretch who dared
Insult my hearing? Though the skies rained fire
I would not! Lo, where Guiscard comes; and, surely,
In search of me. O, in that hour I see
Those eyes, which seek me now, contemptuous shun me,
If I've a dagger and a heart, I swear
That hour's my last!

Claud. O, Heaven!

Adel. (*firmly*). 'T is said, 't is sworn!
I cannot, will not live unloved by Guiscard.
Could he forgive — who knows? Twelve years of truth,
Of lasting love, and deep remorse — I'll dare it.

Claud. What mean'st thou?

Adel. 'T is the crisis of my fate.
I 'm desperate, Claudia, desperate — leave me, leave me !
[*Exit* CLAUDIA, 1 E. R. H.]

Enter GUISCARD, 1 E. L. H.

Guis. (L. H.) At length I 'm free. How tedious seemed the duties
Which kept me from thy sight ! but now once more
I live for love and thee. Why darts thine eye
That piercing glance as it would search my soul ?
Speak, my best love.

Adel. (R. H.) Thou hast a heart, my Guiscard ;
Firm, generous, just —

Guis. That heart is Adalgitha's.

Adel. Not virtue's *more* ?

Guis. Not *more* ; as much : for surely
Virtue and Adalgitha form but one.

Adel. O, would that now thy heart were mine, mine *wholly* !
Then pity's sighs should drown the voice of justice,
And angry honor's flame be quenched with tears.

Guis. What means that wish ? Thou surely wouldst not plead
The cause of vice ?

Adel. I 'd plead the cause of weakness.

Guis. Whose cause ?

Adel. A woman's and a wretch.

Guis. What asks she ?

Adel. Peace, honor, life — and hopes them all from *thee* !

Guis. From me ? More plainly speak.

Adel. Among my damsels

Is one, whose faults of youth I blush to name.
When on her cheek sixteen had scarcely shed
The bright reflection of its roseate wings,
While yet she knew not guile, but thought mankind
Pure as her heart — for then her heart was pure —
A wounded youth beneath her father's roof
Found kind protection. Long she nursed him, watched him,
Pitied and soothed ; and, when she saw him suffer,
The fond thing wept herself. He was a villain !
Prayers, sighs, tears, oaths, nothing was spared to win her.
She listened and believed ! Her heart was weak —
She fell ; his heart was false — he fled !

Guis. Best love,

Thy story both affects and pains. O, spare me
The tale of sorrows which admit no cure !
Her doom is fixed ; no power can now recall it.
Honor, like life, once lost, is lost forever !

Adel. O, doom too harsh,

Which bars out hope, and seals the lips of mercy !
If all think thus, what then avails repentance ?
Why waste brief life in tears ?

Guis. Were this life

The only life, perhaps 't were wisely argued.
But there 's another world, more good, more happy,

And hours of pain are paid with heavenly bliss
And life eternal.

But to thy damsel's tale. Her lover fled —

Adel. Remorse ne'er left her more — and O, such anguish —
Such floods of tears —

Guis. I fear they flowed not long ;
Who once has fallen will fall again ; and soon,
No doubt, the tears which her first lover caused her,
Some second kissed away.

Adel. No, Guiscard, no !
Though suitors young, and fair, and rich, and noble,
Sighed at her feet, and vowed themselves her subjects,
As Dian's statue cold she heard their suit,
And for that false one's sake rejected all.

But then came one
So past all praise, so perfect ! — whom to see
And love was equal. This wondrous man —
Born to be loved and love — this man, o'er whom
You hold much power —

Guis. Ha ! no — thou canst not mean it —
Thou canst not wish I should exert that power
To place pollution in his arms, and bind
With Hymen's sacred bands a wanton's temples.
She loves, thou say'st — dares love a man of honor ?
Were she his wife —

Adel. She is ! (*Hastily, and with great emotion.*)

Guis. What ! — holds my court
One man so dead to shame, so blind with passion,
He with a wanton shares his name ?

Adel. He knew not —

Guis. Knew not ?

Adel. Knows not now —

Guis. What sayest thou ?

Adel. Her passion for her lord — her pure, strict morals —
Twelve years, in virtue passed, concealed —

Guis. O, monstrous !
Twelve years concealed ?

Twelve years ? What ! Did she feign so well, then ?

Was she so arch a mistress in dissembling ?

Fy, fy ! 't is odious !

(*Crosses to R. H.*)

Adel. (*extremely agitated*). Yet one word — one question :
Say 't were thy case ; should some most dear relation —
Thy friend of youth — thy much-loved sister —

Guis. (*violently*). *Mine !*

Proceed not ! Mine ! my sister ! mine ! O, gods !
Were I so cursed, and owned I such a shame,
And were my heart so base as still to love her,
I'd tear that heart out.

Adel. Guiscard !

Guis. Far let her fly
From all the world, but most of all from me !

Adel. (*with a cry of pain*). My heart will burst !

Guis. Just heavens !

My love, my life !

Adel. Fear not — a sudden faintness —

Guis. Nay, but thou 'rt wondrous pale ; and no one's near —
Rest on this bank — 't is well ; I 'll fly for help. (*Going.*)

Adel. (*seated on bank, R. H.*) No, no !

Guis. I 'll straight return. Ho, Claudia, Claudia !

[*Exit, 1 E. R. H.*

Adel. (*after a pause, clasps her hands and raises them to heaven.*)
No aid — no mercy — no resource ! (*She remains as if stupefied.*)

LOTHAIR *advances through the trees, U. E. L. H.*

Lothair (L. H.). But soft ! the princess here alone and weeping !

Adel. O, Lothair !

Loth. (*throws himself at her feet.*) O, pardon this presumption !

Can I witness

Those tears, nor ask their cause, and seek to dry them ?

Can I assist — console — relieve ?

Adel. Relief ?

My woes admit of none.

Loth. O, say not so !

My arm, my soul, are thine. I 'll search — I 'll find —

Some means may sure be found. O, deign to trust me !

Thou canst not doubt the creature of thy bounty —

The orphan youth whose life 's thy gift.

MICHAEL DUCAS *appears at back, U. E. R. H.*

Adel. Thou generous youth !

Michael. How ! kneeling at her feet ?

Adel. Yes, yes ; I 'll trust thee ! Thou shalt know my danger ;

Then counsel, aid — and save me if thou canst.

There is a secret —

(*Here MICHAEL DUCAS comes down c.*)

Ha, Byzantium !

Mich. So !

My thoughts then wronged you not. Your heart, it seems,

Is not such ice but *youthful* fires can melt it ?

You counted me your dupe ? No, no ! I guessed

Some happier rival steeled your heart, not virtue ;

And when this morn I marked your fond emotion,

Your blush while round his neck you hung yon jewel,

That rival stood confest. 'T is plain — confirmed.

Marry, the scene 's well chosen ! — murmuring streams —

Soft beds of fragrant flowers — convenient shades —

And amorous ring-doves cooing o'er your heads,

While your love kneels before you —

Adel. Base aspersion !

Gods, do I live to hear it ?

Loth. (L. H.) Mark me, prince ;

Had living man but Imma's father spoken

Those words, my sword had struck him dead already.

What means thy charge ? Thou canst not give it credit

Thyself ! Her spotless virtue —

Mich. Hers? her virtue?

Ha, ha! tell others that strange tale. (*Laughing spitefully.*)

Adel. O, heavens!

Mich. For me, I've found her art; the spell is broken;
I know her frail and false —

Loth. Now blisters seize

His tongue who calls her so!

Adel. (*anxiously*). Lothair, Lothair,
This warmth destroys me!

Loth. Should I bear with patience

To hear thee wronged, thou best and purest? No!

He's no man who listens calmly while a woman's slandered.

(*To MICHAEL.*) She frail? O, insult past enduring!

She? — unheard-of falsehood!

Mich. (*furious*). How!

Loth. Yes, emperor, yes;

Whate'er thy rank, I'm for this hour thy equal.

I say 't is false! and, though an angel spoke it,

I'd still repeat — “the charge is false as hell!”

Mich. What, this to me? Thou contradict me, thou?

Soars thy presumption then a pitch so high?

Minion, because thy silken locks have snared

That fond one's heart —

Loth. O, gods! yet, yet be wise —

The rage which boils my blood —

Mich. Dost think I fear it?

Let thy rage blaze forth; 't will move my laughter;

And, if thou need'st more insults to provoke thee,

This makes the measure full! (*Striking him.*)

Loth. (*drawing his sword*). Draw, draw, this moment! (*Frantic with passion.*)

Draw and defend thyself!

Mich. This to thy heart, boy! (*They fight.*)

Adel. Help, help!

Mich. (*raising his sword to stab him*). Thou diest!

Adel. (*throwing herself before LOTHAIR*). Hold, tyrant, hold, or
stab him through my bosom!

Guis. (*without, R. H. U. E.*) Speed, Claudia, speed!

Adel. (*starting*). My husband's voice!

Mich. (*menacing*). He comes!

Now tremble!

Enter GUISCARD hastily, followed by CLAUDIA, JULIAN, TANCRED and eight guards, U. E. R. H.

Guis. Clash of arms! how's this, Lothair?

Byzantium too? their swords unsheathed? Explain!

Speak, princess!

Adel. Guiscard — terror chokes my voice;

I cannot. (*She leans on CLAUDIA.*)

Mich. (*soothing*). Yet what fear'st thou now, dear lady?

The danger's past; thou'rt safe. Dost mark? quite safe.

'Tis *I* who tells thee so, thy friend, thy servant,
Whose proudest boast will be, *he saved thy honor!* (*Expressively.*)

Adel. (*comprehending him*). Ha! then there's hope again!

Guis. Her honor? — saved!

From whom?

Mich. I wandered near this spot, when shrieks
Alarmed my hearing. Hither swift I sped,
And lo! thy wife by ruffian grasp detained —
That ruffian was Lothair.

Guis. (R. C.) Lothair?

Adel. (L. C., *struck with horror and surprise*). O, monster!

Loth. (R. H., *confounded*). How, how!

Mich. (L. H.) He drew his falchion — mine already
Was bared in virtue's cause — and fierce we fought
Till by thy footsteps scared —

Loth. O, monstrous! Princely Guiscard,
If e'er I harbored in my breast one wish,
One thought injurious to thy consort's virtue,
May Heaven's red arm — but why assert my innocence?
The princess knows it; to her lips I'll trust me.

Mich. And by that test I'll stand. Speak, Adalgitha;
Thy suffrage none can doubt. Declare the truth,
Unmask the traitor, and *confirm my tale.* (*Significantly.*)

Adel. No, I can bear no more. Unmask the traitor?
I will; and show his guilt so black, so hideous,
The sickening sun shall veil his orb in clouds,
And think mankind no longer worth his care.
Hear me, my lord; if there is faith in woman,
I now assert Lothair is —

Mich. (*interrupting her, and showing the picture, unseen by all but
ADELGITHA, on whom the attention of the rest is entirely fixed.*)

Lady, lady,

Beware! (*Aside.*)

Guis. and Loth. Speak, speak!

Mich. (*pointing to the picture and threatening*). Beware!

Adel. (*hesitating*). Lothair is — guilty! (*Falls on CLAUDIA'S bosom, L. H. C.*)

Loth. Gods! did I hear aright?

Mich. (*aside*). I triumph!

Guis. Miscreant!

Ho, Julian! Bear yon villain hence, and chain him
Deep in the western tower.

Adel. (*entreating*). He saved your life.

Guis. To load it with disgrace? Ten thousand lives
Could not repay the outrage!
Bear him away.

Loth. One word. By what strange spell
Yon dark magician in his chains has bound me
I know not; but I know myself most guiltless,
And thee, prince, most deceived. I'll say no more.
Do with me what thou wilt; whate'er thou dost,
The memory of thy bounties past shall never

Die in thy servant's heart ; the axe that kills
My life shall spare that grateful love I bear thee.
E'en at the block

Pray that thou ne'er may'st know I perished guiltless,
And plead in yonder world of truth and peace
My sovereign's cause with HIM to whom he sent me.

(*To ADELGITHA, sternly*). For thee, who —

(*He stops, crosses over to her, takes off the jewel which she gave him, restores it with a look of mingled grief and anger, and goes off in silence, L. H. 1 E. — JULIAN and guards follow him, L. H. 1 E.*)

Adel. (*aside*). Death is sure less painful — Guiscard —
My bosom bleeds, my brain turns round — Lothair —
His youth, his worth — I know not what I say —
But spare him !

Guis. Think, my love, how base the crime
Of him thou bid'st me spare. His outrage wronged
Not thee alone, but all thy sex in thee —
That sex which should have claimed his best protection.
Who strikes his dagger in a female's heart
Acts kinder than who stains that female's honor ;
Death being happier than a shameful life,
Since she who lives to shame but lives to suffer.

Mich. O, true, most true ! (*Aside to ADELGITHA.*) Thou hear'st
him, princess ?

Adel. (*aside*). Fiend !

(*To GUISCARD.*) And can then Adelgitha sue in vain
To Guiscard ? Can my tears —

Mich. Those tears are fruitless ;
Thy lord is firm ; and, while you sue, fair princess,
Forget not that I hold your suit an insult
To me, the accuser, me. (*In a low voice.*) Speak one more word,
And all 's revealed. I hate that boy — he dies !

Adel. Why, then, my fate is fixed. Hope, fare thee well !

I 'll cease to weary Heaven with prayers for blessings.

Beset with foes — caught in the toils — distracted —
I 'll pray no more, or only pray to die.

Death heals all wounds ; with life all sorrows cease :

And Heaven will show that mercy man denies. [*Exit wildly, 1 E. R. H.*

Guis. Claudia, follow.

[*Exit CLAUDIA, 1 E. R. H.*

Mich. Ha ! this strong emotion —

These tears — this frantic anguish — in some eyes
Would seem suspicious —

Guis. Not in mine, Byzantium ;

I judge the hearts of others by my own.

Mich. Methinks Lothair might make you justly doubt
The prudence of this system ; well might raise
That boy's ingratitude some slight regret
For lavished care and bounty misapplied.

Guis. No, emperor, I regret not what I 've done,
But that his vice prevents my doing more.
Twelve years I cherished that delightful thought,

“ Virtue was his, and that to me he owed it.”
 The dream is flown ; but shall I count as nothing
 A dream so long, so flattering while it lasted ?
 Can his foul actions stain my fair intent,
 Or does his falsehood make my act less generous ?

Mich. I must perforce admire such lofty thoughts ;
 Yet more admire the theory than the practice.
 Farewell, Apulia : still pursue thy system ;
 Still think all men are just, all women faithful ;
 Still fly conviction’s light ; still love, still trust,
 Still find thyself deceived — but ne’er grow wiser. [Exit, 1 E. L. H.]

Guis. Ungrateful, false Lothair !
 But no ; I ’ll not lament the good I ’ve done him ;
 But that his vice prevents my doing more.
 Of man’s ingratitude let those complain
 Whose bounty flows to serve themselves, not others ;
 But he ne’er thinks his kindness ill-rewarded
 Who acts as virtue bids, for virtue’s sake. [Exit, 1 E. R. H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Gothic Chamber, 1 c.*

Enter GUISCARD, 1 E. L. H., followed by IMMA.

Imma. Stay, princely Guiscard,
 And soothe a wretch’s anguish.
 A fearful tale has reached me ;
 He ’s false ; his life is forfeit ! O, that thought
 Struck like a dagger to my heart ! I shrieked,
 And, wild with anguish, hither flew to plead
 For one — the falsest — dearest — for Lothair !

Guiscard. What, plead for one whose crime —

Im. I know it all.

His crime, its penalty, and my despair.
 O, judge from this how vast my love’s excess ;
 I know him faithless, and adore him still.

Guis. And did Lothair possess so rich a gem
 As Imma’s heart, and throw that gem away ?

Im. What have I done ? O, thoughtless girl !
 Forget my words — forget my wrongs, my love,
 And only heed my tears and my despair !
 Spare him, O spare him !

Guis. Cease, unhappy fair one,
 To urge a suit I cannot, must not grant !

Im. O, heavens !

Enter JULIAN, 1 E. L. H.

Julian. A Grecian vessel
 Rides in the port, my prince, and brings, ’t is said,

Terms of submission from the rebel emperor,
Vanquished Alexius.

Guis. Straight I come — (JULIAN retires up L. H.)

Im. O, Guiscard,
Leave me not thus! Lothair! — one look of mercy —
One word of hope —

Guis. Could you peruse my heart,
Princess, you 'd know a king's most painful moments
Are when he sees such tears, and must not dry them.
Too blest were monarchs if, when grief implores,
They dared indulge that pity which they feel.
But he who wisely thinks and justly governs,
If prudence and compassion strive, forgets not
Mercy, though sweet, can but relieve a few;
But justice is that good which blesses all.

[*Exit.*

Im. He leaves me to despair. Lost, wretched maid!
Where shall I turn me? Ah! how changed my prospects
From those so beautiful, which were mine this morn!
Lothair returned — was faithful — and was Imma's.
He 's false — his life is lost — and mine 's a blank!

Jul. He 's gone, and none observe us. Hear me, princess.

(Down L. H.)

Im. O, leave me to my grief!

Jul. I come to soothe it.

Im. How? Speak!

Jul. I guard Lothair —

Im. And wilt thou save him?

Say "Yes," and I 'll adore thee!

Jul. Born in Spain,

I languish for my native land; and wilt thou
Provide such sums as may from want secure me,
This night I 'll fly from Guiscard and Otranto,
And make Lothair the partner of my fate.

Im. O, words of rapture! Speed thy flight, good fellow!
My wealth, my gems, rich diamonds, blushing rubies,
And chains of pearl, which decked a Persian queen,
All, all are thine!

Jul. Beneath the western tower,
Soon as 't is dark, expect me. Thine own hand
Shall break thy lover's chains. Hark! some one comes!
Farewell! till night be cautious.

[*Exit, 1 E. L. H.*

Im. He shall live, then;

Lothair shall live! but O, he 's false! no matter,
He lives, and lives through me; the rest I 'll heed not.
O, could my heart, laid bleeding on the scaffold,
Redeem thy life, Lothair, I 'd gladly rend
The trembler from my breast, and tell thee, dying,
"See, false one, see how fond a heart you stabbed!"

[*Exit, 1 E. L. H.*

Enter MICHAEL DUCAS and CLAUDIA, 1 E. R. H.

Michael (holding a letter). She has judged wisely. Had my threats
been scorned,

This night, though 't were my last, had made her story
Public as the air she breathes. "St. Hilda's cavern?
While Guiscard's at the banquet?" 'T is enough.

Claudia. O, send some words of comfort to my friend!

Lothair —

Mich. She loves him.

Claud. (*eagerly*). By my hopes of heaven —

Mich. Well, well, I know not. O'er my heart 't is certain
She holds strange power. Perhaps her prayers may move me
To spare Lothair, repress my fatal passion,
And yield those letters which — but should she fail me —

Claud. She will not, be assured. O, prince, show mercy;
And, when thou need'st it, Heaven will show it thee. [*Exit*, 1 E. R. H.]

Mich. Go, thou dull thing, and from experience learn

That Michael ne'er forgave where once he hated!

"St. Hilda's cave." 'T will suit my purpose well —

Close to the sea. But, lo! Apulia comes.

Ha! Alciphron?

Enter GUISCARD, with a parchment, and ALCIPHRON, 1 E. L. H.

Guis. Offers so fair deserve
Acceptance, and I'll urge it strongly, doubt not.
Wait thou apart.

Alciphron. Humbly I thank your highness.

[*Exit.*]

Guis. Health to Byzantium's emperor! For that title
At length is thine not more in right than fact.

Mich. Indeed! Brought Alciphron —

Guis. Alexius proffers to throw wide his portals,
So thou 'lt engage to spare his life, and those
Whose names this scroll contains.

Mich. (*reading*). "Constantius" — "Phocas" —
"Gratian" — Men potent with Byzantium's rabble;
Who bear towards me such deadly hate as tigers
Bear towards the crocodile! And shall they live
To prate of slaughtered sons, and wives dishonored,
And with such piteous tales excite the crowd
Again to hurl me from my throne? No, no!
Such men I dare not pardon!

Guis. Dare not, say'st thou?

O, phrase ill-suited to imperial lips!
Kings should fear nothing but deserving censure;
And he who dares not pardon should not reign.

Mich. Gods, give me patience! Is 't not then enough
To know yon cave contains a sleeping lion,
But must I wait his rousing to dispatch him,
And feel the monster's teeth before I stab?
By Heaven! 't were better ne'er to see Byzantium,
Than see it in such fear, and spread my couch
Nightly on snakes!

Guis. And art thou yet to learn
E'en snakes, if gently used, are rendered harmless,

And dance obedient to their tasker's flute?
Be the world's friend, and none will be thy foes.

Mich. (*looking on the parchment*). What's this?
The patriarch Priscillian? — that false priest,
Who rudely tore the diadem from my brow,
And bound it round my rival's? Critias, too!
Eudoxus! Cleon! (*Furious*.) Now, by Heaven, not one,
Not one of them shall live! The slaves, the traitors!
Byzantium mine one hour, thus, thus I'll use them,
And strew their limbs thus round me! (*Tearing the parchment,*
throws it down on L. H., and crosses to R. H.)

Guis. 'Tis enough.
Ho, Alciphron!

Enter ALCIPHRON, 1 E. L. H.

Guis. (*pointing to the parchment*). Read there your answer.

Alcip. (*starting*). Prince!

Guis. When first your exiled sovereign sought my aid,
I saw his sufferings and forgot his faults —
Pitied the monarch and excused the man.
I thought, too, in adversity's rough school
He sure had learnt some lessons which might teach him
To govern well, if e'er again he governed.
I was deceived. Michael rejects your terms.
Yet tell Alexius this from me — if e'er
On Michael's side again I draw my falchion,
May my right arm sink withered!

Mich. (*stamping in rage*). How? Confusion!

Alcip. Then, tyrant, do thy worst. We fear thee not.
(*To* GUISCARD.) But since from him estranged, O let Alexius
Hope that Apulia's aid —

Guis. (*with dignity*). Presumptuous Greek,
Urge that bold suit no further! Guiscard's sword
Shall ne'er be drawn in a usurper's cause.
Whate'er his faults, there stands your rightful monarch;
And though my arms no more oppose Alexius,
Still shall he find ere long celestial vengeance
Pursue the rebel who dethroned his king!
Quit thou my realm! No more!
Prince, thou hast heard me,
And here our ill-assorted union ends.
No further aid —

[*Exit* ALCIPHRON.]

Mich. (*malignant*). Nay, show thy spite at once,
And send me to the usurper's throne in chains.
Durazzo shall reward thee.

Guis. Emperor, no!
What Guiscard once has given, he ne'er resumes.
Durazzo's yours — 't was conquered in your name, —
And thither safely shall my barks conduct you.
That done, my service ends. To gain Byzantium,
What further course you choose —

Mich. Should that course prosper,
I'll first employ my power to wreak on thee
My vengeance for this scorn. There lies my gage
In token of defiance; and that hatred,
Which here I swear, shall to the grave pursue thee,
Deep, deadly, and unchanged!

Guis. Stretch to the utmost
Thy power to vex Apulia and its lord;
With barks, like locust-clouds, o'erspread the ocean;
Rob all thy realms of men, and at one effort
Pour thy whole population on our coasts:
Still shalt thou see thy squadrons, like ripe corn
Beneath the reaper's scythe, laid low, encountering
The patriot subjects of a patriot prince,
Who loves his people, whom his people love.
Skulk as thou may'st behind thy brazen bulwarks
Of hired Varangians and degenerate Greeks,
I'll find thee, doubt not; hew my desperate passage
Through swords and shields; nor shall my arm know rest
Till on thy casque my trusty sword has cleft
Byzantium's crown in twain.

Mich. I'll hear no more — (*Drawing a dagger.*)
Vain boaster, die!

(*Attempts to stab GUISCARD, who wrests the dagger from him.*)

Guis. Ha! (*A pause, after which he returns the dagger.*) Take
thy steel again,
And use it to a nobler end. — (*MICHAEL stamps in rage.*) — How now?

Enter RAINULF, 1 E. L. H.

Rain. Lothair has fled, my prince — the traitor Julian
Has loosed his chains, and shares his flight.

Guis. Pursue them,
And straight inform me, should Lothair be found.

[*Exit RAINULF, 1 E. L. H.*

Prince, farewell!

We meet no more, except we meet in battle,
Where one of us must fall.

[*Exit, 1 E. L. H.*

Mich. Ay, triumph now — but soon thy haughty front
Shall strike the earth in anguish! — Now, Dercetus.

Enter DERCETUS, 1 E. R. H.

Mich. Say, is the bark prepared?

Der. Among the rocks
'T is anchored.

Mich. Call my slaves — collect my treasure —
And straight conduct my daughter to the vessel.
This night we quit Otranto.

Der. How? this night?

Mich. Durazzo's mine, and thither points our course.
Speed, speed, my friend.

[*Exit DERCETUS, 1 E. R. H.*

And thou, good, doating husband,
Dream on securely, while far hence I bear

Thy soul's most precious treasure ! Thus the pilgrim,
 While near his couch the snake creeps slow and silent,
 Slumbers unconscious on some flowery bank.
 Sweet is his rest ; his dreams are bright — when, lo !
 Deep strikes the sting, and the wretch wakes to anguish.

[*Exit, I E. R. H.*

SCENE II. — *A Cavern, 4 and 5 G. — Through a natural arch in the centre of the back scene the sea is visible, with the moon shining on it. — On R. H. 3 E. is a rough-hewn staircase, conducting to an upper gallery. — On L. H. 3 E. is the mouth of an inner cave, partly overgrown with ivy and other tangling weeds. It is ornamented with a cross, an image, a skull, and cross-bones, &c. — On the centre flat is the great entrance to the cavern.*

JULIAN enters with a torch, conducting LOTHAIR and IMMA, by the great entrance, C. flat, arch.

Julian (to LOTHAIR). Here thou may'st rest in safety, while I seek
 The bark to bear us hence. But, gentle princess,
 First let me guide thee back —

Lothair (to IMMA). And must you go ?
 O, first repeat the assurance that no longer
 You doubt his faith who only lives for you !
 Say that no more you 'll wrong your charms by thinking
 The heart can ever change that once is yours ;
 And swear by yon fair moon, whose mournful radiance
 Silvers the billows which must waft me hence,
 No power of absence and no rival's arts
 Shall e'er efface Lothair from Imma's bosom.

Imma. Alas ! before your lips affirmed your truth,
 So much I hoped you true, I half believed it.
 Yet still such proofs — my father's heavy charge —
 And she, pure honor's mirror, Adalgitha,
She, too, attested — Hence, distracting doubts !
 For I *will* credit what I wish were true !
 Still, dear enchanter, breathe those magic vows
 Which charmed to rest the tempest of my bosom !
 E'en though you 're false, persuade me that you 're faithful ;
 E'en though you hate me, swear I 'm fondly loved ;
 Close to my heart I 'll press the sweet delusion,
 And kiss the veil that hides such cruel truths.

Loth. And will these sounds, which on his parting ear
 Vibrate so sweetly, greet Lothair's return ?
 Soon at thy beauty's shrine adoring monarchs
 Shall boast they bear thy chains, and swear in rapture,
 " If crowns are brilliant, 't is when Imma wears them."
 Pleased while you listen to the flattering tale,
 All thoughts of passion past will fade away,
 And in some rival's arms thou 'lt ne'er remember
 A wretch like me exists.

Im. Unjust suspicions !

O, would 't were in my power at once to crush them,
And share thy flight, thy dangers, and thy woes !
But, O, that fearful thought, my father's curse ! —
A father who, whate'er his faults to others,
Has none to me ! — No, no, I dare not grieve him,
And we *must* part, Lothair. (*Weeping.*)

Jul. Your pardon, princess —
Time flies — your absence may create suspicions,
Whose danger —

Im. Straight I come — and whither wilt thou,
Dear friend, direct thy wandering course ?

Loth. Thou know'st
The Christian kings prepare a potent force
To free the holy land from hands of heathens :
I 'll aid the attempt. Who knows but Heaven may grant me
To hurl some fierce barbarian from that throne
His foul idolatry and crimes pollute ?
O, then how swift my keel shall cut the billows !
Love's purple wing shall agitate the air
To swell my sails, and waft me back to Europe,
In Imma's eyes to read my purest praises,
And lay at Imma's feet my heart and sceptre.

Im. Come thus, and Imma's thine ; but, should'st thou fall,
Rest thou assured, my love, no rival e'er
Shall clasp this hand, on which thy lips have rested.
A cloistered mourner, wrapt in sable weeds,
I 'll weep thy loss till life be wept away.
Farewell ! — O Heaven ! Farewell !

[*Exit, C. F. arch.*

Jul. I 'll straight return.
Wait thou in yonder cave.

[*Exit, C. F. arch.*

[*Exit* LOTHAIR *into the cave, L. H. 3 E.*

ADELGITHA, *with a torch, descends the flight of steps, R. H. 3 E.*

Adel. Not come yet ?

(*She fixes the torch in a crevice of the rock, R. H.*)

Then I 've still some moments left
To think — to pray !

(*She sinks on her knees, and raises her hands to heaven.*)

Save me ! (*A pause, after which she rises.*)

How dread this silence !

The night-wind chills my blood — the pale, cold moon —
These echoing rocks — the murmuring waves —

Mich. (*without, U. E. R. H.*) Sure yon torch —

Adel. He comes. His voice seems thunder to my ear.
Now, then, for life or death !

Enter MICHAEL DUCAS, *C. F. arch.*

Mich. (*L. H.*) Lo, where she stands,
Destined to crown at once my love and vengeance !
Now, princess, — ha ! I miss that high demeanor,

Inspiring such respect when last we parleyed :
 No scornful smile, no virtuous lightnings flashing
 Quick from thy eye to strike presumption dead.
 Nay, speak ; and let me hear thy lips once more
 School with condign reproof licentious passion,
 And teach how great Salerno's virtuous daughter
 " Sees nothing fearful but deserved disgrace ! "

Adel. (R. H.) I'm humbled, weak, a sufferer — and a woman.
 Now, if thou hast the heart, insult me still.

Mich. Insult thee? No, ungrateful! those bright eyes
 Still o'er my heart hold an unbounded empire.
 Fain would I hush thy grief —

Adel. O, if thou would'st,
 How easy were the task! Look on me, prince!
 Grief tears my heart; my eyes are swollen with weeping;
 And thou may'st calm that heart, and dry those eyes.
 Those fatal letters — yield them to my prayers;
 Save me from shame, and I'll through life implore
 Heaven on thy head to shower its choicest blessings.

Mich. Nay, we'll not trouble Heaven, fair dame. In thee
 I see that blessing which my soul most covets,
 And mine it must be!
 I hate thy Guiscard!
 I find his dearest gems are thee and honor,
 And both this night are lost!

Adel. (starting). Mean'st thou —

Mich. This night
 I'll bear thee hence,
 And brand the man I hate with shame immortal!
 Thou'rt in my power —

Adel. No, tyrant, thou'rt deceived!
 I've still one refuge left; and here I swear,
 Ere Guiscard's cheek shall know one tear of grief,
 Or blush of shame occasioned by my fault,
 In death's embrace I'll shelter me from thine,
 And stab my heart rather than Guiscard's honor.

Mich. (ironically). Thou'lt die? Alas! I'm skilled in woman's
 courage;

And know what vows she swears, and how she keeps them.
 Swords, precipices, poison, racks and flames,
 Viewed in perspective, she esteems mere trifles;
 But, when the moment comes, she thinks 't were pity
 To stain a skin so very white with blood;
 So wipes her eyes and lays aside her dagger.

Adel. Unmanly slanderer!

Mich. (fiercely). Yet, though fate had sworn
 The hour which made thee mine should hear thy knell,
 Mine would I make thee still!

Adel. Barbarian, fiend!
 Thou lov'st as others hate.

Mich. Though pleasure fly me,

I'll quaff full draughts from sweet revenge's bowl ;
Living thou 'rt mine —

Adel. And dead? —

Mick. Thou art not Guiscard's ;

And that's some comfort still. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Adel. (*drawing a dagger*). Then take that comfort,

And triumph o'er my cerse ! (*Offering to stab herself.*)

Mick. Rash woman, hold ! (*Wrests the dagger from her, and throws it on the ground.*) And now —

Adel. O, treacherous arm ! (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Mick. No power can save thee.

Know, 'mid yon rocks e'en now the vessel waits

Destined to waft thee hence.

Adel. O heavens !

Mick. Away, then.

I'll bear thee to the bark.

Adel. (*throws herself at his feet*). I sink before thee ;

She kneels to thee, who ne'er yet knelt to man.

Have thou compassion !

Mick. None, none !

Adel. (*in a terrible voice, while she seizes the dagger, which lies near her, and starts from the ground*). Then perish, tyrant !
(*Stabs him.*)

Mick. O, murderess ! (*He staggers back some paces, and falls senseless on the earth.*)

Adel. (*who has remained in a menacing attitude, starts with horror at the last word*). Murderess? Right, right ; 't is now my fittest name !

Rise, demons, rise ! 't is Adelgitha calls you ;

Her hand has signed in blood the infernal bond,

Which makes her yours forever ! Rise, then, rise,

And shake the rocks with horrid mirth, loud shrieking,

“ Rejoice, rejoice — the murderess is our own ! ”

Enter LOTHAIR *from the cave, 3 E. L. H., with his sword drawn.*

Loth. Murder was shrieked. Ha ! speak thy business here,
And what thou art !

Adel. A fiend, who comes to banquet

On blood among these rocks ; who much has drank,

And thirsts for more. Observe these flaming eyes ;

Mark the black drops that trickle from this steel ;

And, if thy life is dear, avoid my presence.

Advance not, or thou diest !

Loth. That voice — amazement !

'Tis she — the princess, sure ! (*Dropping his sword.*)

Adel. (*shrieking*). Lothair ! O, horror !

This still was wanting ! (*Supports herself against the rock.*)

Loth. Blood imbrues her dagger !

And, lo ! a corse, whose gaping wound — O, princess,

What hast thou done ?

Adel. A deed of guilt, of madness !

And of what guilt thine eyes express too well.

Nay, give thy hatred words ; I fain would die !
 And speak but thou with truth and force, " *I hate thee !* "
 And lightning would not strike me dead so soon.

Loth. Hate thee ? O, powers of bliss ! my brain whirls round !
 I know not what to think — or say — or do ! (*Throws down sword.*)
 I can but feel, all guilty as thou art,
 The world holds nothing which my soul loves dearer !

Adel. Say'st thou ? Thanks, Heaven, for this last drop of comfort
 Thrown in my bitter cup ! Lothair, Lothair !
 This heart — thou dost not know — Hark ! the rock echoes
 With hurried steps. If here I 'm found, my fame,
 My life are lost ! Save me, Lothair, save me !
 For I 'm so guilty that I dare not die !
 O, save me ! save me !

Loth. They're at hand. Fly, fly !
 Yon steps conduct —

Adel. (*attempting to reach them, but sinking back ready to faint,
 and catching at a broken piece of the rock.*) I cannot ; my
 strength fails me —
 My doom is fixed !

Loth. (*raising her.*) Take courage ; rest on me ;
 The torch ! (*Taking it in one hand, while the other clasps ADELGITHA.*)
 Come, come ! Fear not ; I 'll die or save you !
 Nay, come — away — away ! [*Exeunt by the steps, 3 E. R. H.*]

Enter IMMA, hastily, C. F. arch.

Imma. Fly, fly, Lothair !
 Julian is seized, and Rainulf this way hastens !
 Lothair ! He answers not. O, Heaven, they come !

Enter RAINULF, JULIAN, and eight guards with torches, C. F. arch.

Rainulf (*to JULIAN.*) If thou deceiv'st me, wretch, thy life shall
 pay for it !
 Not here ?

Julian. In yonder cave —

Im. (*standing before the entrance of the cave, 3 E. L. H.*) Stay,
 Rainulf, stay !

Pursue your search no further ! On my life,
 The babe, who ne'er yet lisped the name of mother,
 Is not more guiltless than Lothair !

Rain. His flight

Argues not innocence. Your pardon, princess ;
 I needs must on. (*To the guards.*) This way.

[*Exeunt with four guards into the cave, 3 E. L. H.*]

Im. (*with a loud shriek.*) My father !

Mich. My child, farewell ! (*Dies.*)

Im. O, horror ! (*Faints on the body.*)

Loth. (*rushing down the steps, 3 E. R. H.*) 'T was Imma shrieked !

Rain. (*entering 3 E. L. H., followed by the guards.*) Lothair !
 Guards, seize him !

Loth. (*held by the guards.*) Imma !

(Part of the guards detain LOTHAIR in the background, while the rest form a group around IMMA and her father. — RAINULF, a tall martial figure in armor, stands in the middle, extending one arm towards LOTHAIR.)

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Gothic Hall splendidly illuminated, 6 G. — Banquet tables on R. and L., around which are TANCRED and the knights, pages attending. — Throne, and chairs on 3 G. — GUISCARD on throne. — Flourish.*

Guiscard. Why, this looks well ! Fill every goblet high.
(*All fill goblets.*)

O, heavens ! 't is sweet
O'er friendship's bowl to talk of perils past,
And share our joys with those who shared our dangers.
(*Rising.*) But speak of war no more ; for lo, she comes,
Whose presence sheds around her peace and joy ! (*All rise.*)

Enter ADELGITHA, 1 E. R. H., with CLAUDIA and ladies.

O, welcome, welcome, as the wished-for port
To some long absent seaman ! Why, my soul,
Hast thou so long deprived me of thy sight ?

Adelgitha. (R. H.) Guiscard, so ill I merit — I 'm so conscious —
My heart — there could'st thou read —

Guis. (L. H., with anxiety). Methinks thou 'rt strangely pale ; yet
't is no wonder.

That place where thou hast been to-night —

Adel. (*alarmed*). To-night ?

That place ? Thou knewest then —

Guis. That religious duties

Have long detained thee in St. Hilda's chapel ;

And much I fear the damp from vaults exhaling —

The marble walls, the night wind's chilling blast —

Adel. (*with a mixture of irony*). True, true ; the night wind ! O,
't is nothing more !

'T will soon be past !

Guis. (*taking a goblet from a page*). I trust so ;
Look round thee, sweet. Apulia's champions stand,
Expecting from thy lips their best reward.

Greet them, my love.

Adel. (*takes a bowl — then suddenly dashes it on the ground*).

Away ! 't is filled with blood !

Claudia. She raves.

Guis. (*surprised*). What means —

Adel. Have I deserved this, Guiscard?

I ever loved thee with such truth, such fondness —

I know how monstrous was my fault — but this —

O, this was cruel, cruel! (*Weeping on CLAUDIA's bosom*).

Guis. Why weep and hide thy face?

Turn to thy Guiscard — turn to him who loves thee.

Adel. (*eagerly*). Thou lovest me? O, repeat those blessed words!
Swear still thou lovest me!

Guis. Canst thou doubt my love?

Adel. (*insisting on the word*). Still! lovest me still? Pronounce that word — “still, still!”

Guis. (*surprised at her wild energy*). Still love thee more than life!

Adel. (*exulting*). Why, then, ye heavens,

In thunder speak your wrath! I'll hear and smile!

Conscience, thy sting is lost!

He loves me still, and all things else are trifles!

Hail, warriors, hail! resume your seats! (*All sit.*) Fill high

Your bowls with wine;

Swell round me choral music,

And, peals of bursting joy, rise, rise, and drown

That voice I will not hear!

Guis. This change so sudden —

This frantic rapture —

Adel. Ask not what it means;

Thou lovest me, and I'm blest; let that suffice.

Come, chieftains; Guiscard, come!

Imma (*without*). Where, where's the prince?

Adel. (*shuddering*). 'Tis Imma! 't is his daughter!

IMMA rushes in wildly, and RAINULF, 1 E. L. H.

Im. Justice, justice!

O, princely Guiscard, at thy feet I fall,

And clasp thy knees, and call on thee for vengeance!

See these torn ringlets, pallid cheeks, eyes swollen,

And pity me. My heart is stabbed, is breaking!

He's dead! O, Heaven, he's dead!

Guis. Rise, Imma, rise.

Whom mourn ye?

Im. Can I speak the name and live?

The assassin's dagger — near the rocks he lies,

Pale, breathless, cold! I threw me by his side,

And strove to warm him 'gainst my heart — in vain!

He's dead, he's dead! my father's dead!

Guis. Thy father?

Im. Savagely murdered!

O, wretched Imma!

Adel. How I suffer!

Im. (*to ADELGITHA*). Ah, you weep! But had you seen,
As I did, his pale cheeks, his gaping wound,

The cold dews stealing down his brows ! His limbs
Convulsed by dying pangs !—

Adel. Imma, Imma !

Thou 'lt drive me mad !

Guis. Confused by rage and horror,
I know not to console — but doubt not, lady,
If still Otranto holds the wretch, I 'll find him,
And take such dread revenge —

Rainulf. Forgive my boldness :
Fainting through anguish on her father's corse,
The princess knows not, ere we left the rocks,
The assassin was surprised.

Guis. Produce the wretch !

[*Exit RAINULF, l E. L. H., and returns with LOTHAIR in chains.*]

Rain. Behold him !

Guis. Lothair the assassin ?

Im. No, prince, no ;

On my soul, no ! If aught that 's ill had menaced
The life of Imma's father, he had found
No surer safeguard than Lothair.

Guis. (to RAINULF). What proofs ?

Rain. His lurking 'mid the rocks — his sword unsheathed
Found near the corse — their well-known enmity —
This day's events —

Guis. All, all confirm him guilty ! (To LOTHAIR.)
What hast thou done, base, wretched youth ? Thy crime
At once robs thee of life, and me of honor.
A sovereign slain ! a sovereign at my court,
Who sought protection, and who found a grave !

Lothair. What can I say ? So deep and dark a gloom
Involves my fate, that I despair to pierce it.
The snow that falls is not from taint so pure
As are my hands from blood, my lips from falsehood.

Im. Then clear thy conduct, and relieve my heart,
Which trembles for thy love, thy life, thy virtue !
Who placed thy falchion by my father's corse ?
So near him, didst thou not hear his shriek for succor ?
Know'st thou whose hand ?— He turns away in silence.

Adel. (R. C. *aside*). Reward him, Heaven !

Im. (L. C.) Wilt thou not speak ?

Loth. (L. H.) I 'll answer

This, but no more : as I 've a soul to save,
The hand which slew thy father was not mine.

Im. Then whose, barbarian ? Go, thou ne'er hast loved me !
Lived in thy breast one feeling spark, thou could'st not
Suffer such doubts to rack her soul, who would not
Grieve thine for the world's wealth.

Loth. Inhuman Imma !

To die were better than to cause those tears.
O, spare me, spare me ! Leave me to my fate !

Guis. I know not what to think. His oaths — his anguish —
Should he indeed be guiltless —

Rain. Gracious prince,
Know that on Michael's corse the note was found
Which lured him to these secret rocks.

Guis. Was it not signed?

Rain. It was not; but the writing
Perhaps may lend some cue —

Guis. You counsel well:

Produce that note.

[*Exit* RAINULF, 1 E. L. H.]

Adel. (*aside*). I'm lost.

Loth. (*aside*). She started! Then 't was hers!

Adel. (*in a low voice to* CLAUDIA). Now, Claudia, now,
Now what resource?

Loth. (*aside*). I hear his steps.

Adel. (*breathless with anxiety*). Now, now!

Loth. (*aside*). What must be done? O, wretched woman!

Reënter RAINULF, 1 E. L. H.

Rain. (*kneeling*). This letter, prince —

Loth. (*snatching it and tearing it*). Shall ne'er betray its writer:
This makes the secret safe.

Guis. Rash youth, forbear!

Im. (*in despair*). Then there's no hope — he's guilty!

Guis. What means thy daring act?

Loth. It means, I know

The hand which traced these lines, and murdered Michael.

The cry of murder drew me to the spot

Where Michael breathed his last. I seized the assassin,

Whose life was in my power. I swore to *save* it.

Adel. (*aside*). O, generous youth!

Guis. (*peremptorily*). One word decides thy fate — one choice is
left thee:

Reveal the culprit, or thou diest this instant.

Loth. Lead to the scaffold!

Guis. (*furious*). 'T is enough. Guards, seize him!

Rain. Yet be advised, Lothair, nor hope to bury

This strange, mysterious secret in the grave:

The rack will force it from thee.

Loth. Try its strength, then;

Thou'lt find that virtue has more power to blunt

The shafts of pain than man has art to forge them;

Nor can thy tortures so afflict my body

As violated vows would rack my mind.

Guis. I'll hear no more. Bear him to instant death.

Adel. Distracting sound!

Loth. Imma — not one last look!

Guis. Force him away.

Loth. Imma, farewell! farewell! (*Dragged away by the guards.*)

Guis. Obey me — to the block!

Adel. (*with a dreadful shriek*). O, spare him! save him!

He's guiltless!

Guis. (*starting*). How?

Adel. (desperate). He 's guiltless — he 's my son !

(*All start, while she rushes to LOTHAIR, and clasps him in her arms.*)

Guis. Thy son ?

Loth. Thy son ?

Guis. O, gods ! what is 't I hear ?

Adel. (firm). My shame — my guilt — my fondness — my despair !

'T was I who murdered Michael ; *I*, who now

Repeat Lothair is guiltless — is my son —

Pleased to lay down my life to save my child's,

And die for him who would have died for me ! (*Embracing him.*)

Loth. (kneeling). O, mother !

Guis. Adelgitha ! thou whose virtues —

Art thou a murderess ? — thou ?

Adel. Nay, never doubt it :

I own my crime, and I desire no pardon.

The tale thou heardst from me to-day was mine.

The father of Lothair, long ere thou saw'st me,

Robbed me of peace and honor ; fatal chance

Betrayed to Michael's ear this dangerous secret ;

His heart was hard ; *my* brain was wrought to frenzy ;

He knew and threatened me ; *I* feared and slew him.

Guis. Unhappy woman,

What hast thou done ? —

My brain ! 't will bear no more !

(*RAINULF supports him. — JULIAN brings down chair, c.*)

Adel. My son, my son,

Curse me not ! (*To LOTHAIR.*)

Loth. Curse thee ? Kneeling, thus I bless thee,

And swear, could drops wrung from my inmost heart

Repay the blood thy hand has shed —

Guis. (recovering himself). This instant

Let all retire except — except — the princess.

Adel. (detaining LOTHAIR). O, no, no, no ! I dare not —

Guis. (solemn and commanding). Adelgitha !

Adel. (in a faltering voice). Prince, I obey.

[*Exeunt* IMMA, guards, &c., R. and L.

Manent GUISCARD and ADELGITHA.

Guis. (after a pause). I 'll not reproach thee — fear not :

I will but say — and say it in mild words too —

I will but tell thee — grief impedes my utterance —

That we must part — forever !

Adel. O !

Guis. Thou know'st me —

Know'st well my dread of shame — my sense of honor ;

Know'st well my love for thee ! But what I suffer

To find thee false and guilty — this, O, this

Thou could'st not know, or sure thou hadst not erred !

Adel. (in agony). Heart, heart !

Guis. (his emotions gradually get the better of him). Is 't true ? — can it indeed be real ?

Thou — thou, on whom I doated — thou, whose lips
I thought ne'er knew a falsehood — whose eyes spoke
Each wish of the heart so plainly — in whose arms
I hoped to have met death, which in thine arms
Had been so free from pain ! And now — and now —

Adel. (her grief changes into gloomy fierceness). And now you
hate me ?

Guis. (wild and desperate). Hate thee ? Would I did !
But mark, ungrateful ! mark these groans of anguish
Drawn from my soul — my faltering voice — my locks,
Which thus I tear in frenzy — and these tears —
Mark these ! mark these ! then ask me if I hate thee.

(Sinks on a seat, overcome by the violence of his feelings.)

Adel. Ha ! flow those tears for me ? Speak, Guiscard, speak !
(Falling at his feet.) Flow they for me ?

(He motions her to leave him ; she rises with frantic gesture.) Fool
that I was to hope it !

He shuns me — he abhors me — why delay then ?
Where are your guards ? Come, come — prepare the scaffold !
And, while I seek it, bid the indignant rabble
Load me with scoffs and base revilings —

Guis. (starting up with looks of horror at the idea). Thee !
(After a moment's pause). 'T is fixed, and farewell honor, farewell
joy !

(To ADELGITHA, resolute). Thy hand in mine, partners in weal and
woe,

Through life I 'll never leave thee ; and in death
One grave shall hold us both. Imploring pardon,
I 'll wander by thy side from shrine to shrine,
A barefoot pilgrim. Still, in toils and perils,
My arm shall guard thee, and my voice shall soothe ;
And when thou weep'st to hear insulting crowds
Pursue thy bleeding steps with taunts and curses,
With my torn hair I 'll wipe thy tears away,
And hide thee in my breast from scorn and sorrow.

Adel. Prince — Guiscard — heard I right ? Canst thou forgive me ?

Guis. I can — I do.

Adel. And love me still ?

Guis. Still love thee,

And more than light, than life, than fame, than virtue !

Adel. I 'm happy ! Guiscard, Guiscard, thus I thank thee !

(Embracing him.)

And next reward thee thus ! *(Stabs herself.)*

Guis. (petrified with horror). Help ! help ! within there !

Enter IMMA, LOTHAIR, &c., R. and L. H.

Loth. What mean those cries ? O, cruel sight !

(He receives ADELGITHA in his arms.)

Adel. (to GUISCARD). Thus only

Could I repay thy wondrous truth, and spare thee
The shame of loving where esteem was lost.

Loth. Fly, fly for aid —

Adel. No, no ; the steel was faithful—
'T is my heart's blood which — O, that pang ! (*Falling.*)

Guis. (*hastening to her, and raising her in his arms.*) She dies !
Look up, my love, my soul — look up once more !

One parting word — one long adieu — one blessing —

Adel. Bless thee ! — farewell ! — O, I am guilty, guilty !
Pray for my soul's repose — pray too — hereafter —

Our spirits in a better, happier world —

Heaven ! heaven ! — 't is past ! (*She dies.*)

(*GUISCARD throws himself in despair on the dead body, near which
LOTHAIR is kneeling, while IMMA is fainting, supported by
CLAUDIA and ladies. — Slow music.*)

SITUATIONS.

Soldiers.

Knights.

Julian.

Imma.

Ladies.

Claudia and
Ladies.

R. H.

Guiscard.

Soldiers.

Pages.

Adelgitha,

dead.

Slow
Curtain.

Rainulf. Tancred.

Lothair.

Soldiers.

Knights.

L. H.

NOTE. — I make no doubt that Adelgitha's fate will be reckoned too severe. In my justification I must observe that my object in writing this tragedy was to illustrate a particular fact ; namely, "the difficulty of avoiding the evil consequences of a first false step." It appeared to me that the more venial the offence, and the more amiable the character of the offender, the more strongly would the above position be proved ; and the very nature of my object made it necessary that Adelgitha should be the constant victim of her single transgression in this life, and only receive the reward of her many virtues in the life to come. But, above all, I must request that no one will mistake Adelgitha for a heroine. I meant to represent in her "a woman, with all her sex's weakness," whose natural inclinations were virtuous and benevolent ; but who was totally unprovided with that firmness of mind which might have enabled her to resist the force of imperious circumstances. Accordingly she gives way to them one after another, and is led on gradually and involuntarily from crime to crime, till she finds herself involved in guilt beyond the possibility of escaping. Such was my plan, though perhaps the defects of its execution may have prevented the reader from discovering it till now.

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 Cure for Love Com 2 acts by T. Pary
 Discreet Princess Ext 1 act by J. R. Planche
 Duel in the Dark Farce . . . 1 act by J. S. Coyne
 Doing the "Hansom" Farce . . . 1 act by A. Harris
 Drama at Home, The Ext 2 acts by J. R. Planche
 Delusion, The Dram 2 acts by W. H. Oxbery
 Delinquent, The Com 5 acts by F. Reynolds
 Deserted Daughter, The . . . Com 5 acts by T. Holcroft
 Deaf and Dumb Dram 5 acts by " " "
 Debtor and Creditor Com 5 acts by J. Kenney
 Day well Spent Farce . . . 1 act by J. Oxenford
 Durazzo Trag 5 acts by James Haynes
 Darkness Visible Farce . . . 2 acts by T. E. Hook
 Deed of Gift Com. Op . . 3 acts by S. Woodworth
 Did you ever send your wife, &c. Far. 1 act by J. S. Coyne
 Damon and Pythias Farce . . . 1 act by J. B. Buckstone
 Doubtful Son, The Play 5 acts by W. Dimond
 Don Giovanni Ext 2 acts by T. Dibden
 Drunkard's Fate, The Dram 3 acts by D. Jerrold
 Dumb Savoyard, The Dram 1 act by C. P. Thompson
 Death of Life in London . . Ext 1 act by T. Greenwood
 Doctor Bolus Int 1 act by G. Daniel
 Duel, The Farce . . . 2 acts by R. B. Peake
 Devil upon two Sticks . . . Com 3 acts by S. Foote
 Dream, The Trag 3 acts by Joanna Baillie
 Dead Alive, The C. Op . . . 2 acts by J. O'Keeffe
 Doves in a Cage Com 2 acts by D. Jerrold
 Don't lend your Umbrella . . C. Dram . . 2 acts by L. Buckingham
 Drapery Question, The . . . Farce . . . 1 act by C. Selby
 Deuce is in her, The Farce . . . 1 act by R. J. Raymond
 Delicate Attentions Farce . . . 2 acts by J. Poole
 Drama's Vindication, The . . Scene . . . 1 act P. Messenger
 Deaf Lover, The Farce . . . 2 acts by F. Pilon
 Dandolo Farce . . . 1 act by E. Sterling
 Day in Paris Farce . . . 2 acts by C. Selby
 Descart the Buccaneer . . . Dram 2 acts by D. Jerrold
 Dance of the Shirt Dram 1 act by Thos. Morton
 Every One has his Fault . . Com 5 acts by Mrs. Inchbald
 Exile, The Com 3 acts by F. Reynolds
 Englishman in Paris Com 2 acts by S. Foote
 Englishman returned from Paris . Far. 2 acts by " " "
 Each for Himself Farce . . . 2 acts " " " " " Anon
 Elphi Bey Dram 3 acts by R. Hamilton
 Edward and Eleonora Tragedy . . 5 acts by Jas. Thompson
 Elephant of Siam, The . . . Dram 3 acts by John Gallot

- Eliza and Claudio.....M Drama...2 acts.....Anon
 Eurydice Hissed.....Farce.....1 act...by H. Fielding
 Earl of Essex.....Trag.....5 acts.....by Henry Jones
 Elfrida.....Dram Poem.....by Wm. Mason
 Englishman's House is his Castle, An..Farce...by J. M. Morton
 False Impressions.....Com.....5 acts...by R. Cumberland
 False Delicacy.....Com.....5 acts...by Hugh Miller
 False Alarms.....Com Op...3 acts...by James Kenney
 Fortune of War.....Dram.....2 acts...by " "
 Fraternal Discord.....Dram.....5 acts.....by W. Dunlap
 Fortress, The.....Dram.....3 acts.....by T. E. Hook
 Francis the First.....Trag.....5 acts...by Miss F. A. Kemble
 Forest of Hermanstadt...Dram.....2 acts...From the French
 Fra Diavalo.....Com Op...3 acts...by M. R. Lacy
 Farmer, The.....Com Op...2 acts...by J. O'Keeffe
 Fortress of Sorrento, The..Dram.....2 acts.....Anon
 Fish out of Water.....Farce.....2 acts.....by J. Lunn
 Fidelio Opera.....3 acts.....by Beethoven
 Field of Forty Footsteps..Dram.....3 acts...by Percy Farren
 Frederick of Prussia.....Farce.....1 act...by C. Selby
 Faust and Marguerite....Dram.....3 acts...by Wm. Robertson
 False and Constant.....Com.....2 acts...by Joseph Lunn
 Friend Waggles.....Farce.....1 act...by J. M. Morton
 Five Pounds Reward.....Farce.....1 act...by J. Oxenford
 Fearful Tragedy in Seven Dials..Farce...1 act...by C. Selby
 Fountain of Beauty.....Ext.....2 acts...by J. M. Kingdom
 Flight to America, The...Drama...3 acts...by W. L. Rede
 Farm House, The.....Farce.....3 acts...by C. Kemble
 Free Knights, The.....Drama...3 acts...by F. Reynolds
 Five Miles Off.....Farce.....3 acts...by T. Dibden
 For England Ho.....Drama...2 acts...by I. Pocock
 Faro Table, The.....Com.....5 acts...by J. Tobin
 Foscari.....Tragedy...5 acts...by J. B. White
 Grieving's a Folly.....Comedy...5 acts...by Richard Leigh
 Green Man, The.....Comedy...3 acts...by Richard Jones
 Gustavus Vasa.....Drama...3 acts...by W. Dimond
 Gustavus III.....Drama...3 acts...by M. H. Milner
 Gazette Extraordinary, The..Com...5 acts...by J. H. Holman
 Good Neighbor, The.....Int.....1 act...by W. Dunlap
 Good Little Wife, A.....Com.....1 act...by Alfred de Mussett
 Good Run for It, A.....Farce.....1 act...by L. V. Bridgeman
 Garrick Fever.....Farce.....1 act...by J. R. Planché
 Give a Dog a Bad Name..Farce.....1 act...by S. Lawrence
 Housekeeper, The.....Com.....2 acts...by D. Jerrold
 Husband of my Heart, The.....2 acts...by C. Selby
 High Life below Stairs..Farce.....2 acts...by Rev. Jas. Townley
 Hope of the Family, The..Com.....3 acts...by J. S. Coyne
 How to try a Lover.....Comedy...3 acts.....Anon
 He's much to Blame.....Comedy...5 acts.....Anon
 Hint to Husbands.....Comedy...5 acts...by R. Cumberland
 Hear Both Sides.....Comedy...5 acts...by T. Holcroft

Helpless Animals Int.....	1 act.....	by J. Parry
He Would if he Could...	Burletta....	2 acts.....	by I. Bickerstaff
Hartford Bridge.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by W. Pearce
Hit or Miss.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by I. Pocock
High Low Jack and the Game.	Ext. 1 act	by J. R. Planche & Dance	
Haunted Tower, The Com. Op.	3 acts.....	by J. Cobb
Jew, The,.....	Com.....	5 acts.....	by R. Cumberland
Jew of Mogadore, The.....	Com. Op.	3 acts.....	by R. Cumberland
Jew and the Doctor.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by T. Dibden
Kais, or Love in the Desert.	Opera	4 acts.....	by C. Brandon
Kiss, the.....	Com.....	5 acts.....	by Stephen Clarke
Knights, the Farce.....	2 acts.....	by S. Foote
Kathleen O'More.....	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by A. Walker
Kathleen O'Neil Drama.....	3 acts.....	by Geo. Pepper
King O'Toole's Goose...	Ext.....	1 act.....	by E. Irwin
King's Command, the...	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by C. P. Thompson
King's Gardner.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by C. Selby
Lionel and Clarissa.....	Com Op.	3 acts.....	by I. Bickerstaff
Ladder of Love, the.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by T. H. Bayly
Lancers, The.....	Int.....	1 act.....	by J. H. Payne
Love's Dream Op.	2 acts.....	by S. Beasley, Jr
Love a la Mode.....	Com.....	2 acts.....	by C. Macklin
La Sonambula.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by M. R. Lacy
Lame Lover, the.....	Com	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Law of Java.....	Play.....	3 acts.....	by G. Colman, Jr
Lofty Projects.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by Joseph Lunn
Lesson in Love, A.....	Com	2 acts.....	by J. M. Barclay
Lock and Key, The.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by Prince Hoare
Love and Friendship.....	Com.....	3 acts.....	by A. B. Lindsley
Lestocq.....	Dram.....	3 acts.....	by W. T. Moncrieff
Lestocq.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by G. M'Farren
La Mulette.....	Opera.....	5 acts.....	by Scribe
La pie Volese.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by Castil Blau
Lucky Horse Shoe, the...	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by T. Parry
Lord Lovel and Nancy Bell.	Bur	1 act	by F. C. Burnand
Leading Strings.....	Com.....	3 acts.....	by A. C. Troughton
Lilian Gervaise.....	Dram.....	3 acts.....	by M. Barnett
Malvina.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by G. M'Farren
My Old Woman.....	Com.....	3 acts.....	by G. M'Farren
Mason of Buda, the.....	Burletta....	2 acts.....	by J. R. Planche
Modern Antiques.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by J. O'Keeffe
More Ways than One....	Com.....	5 acts.....	by Mrs. Cowley
Marriage of Figaro.....	Op.....	3 acts.....	by H. R. Bishop
Married Lovers.....	P. Com	2 acts.....	by T. Power
Mountain Torrent, the...	Dram.....	2 acts.....	by S. B. Judah
Mogul Tale,	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by Mrs. Inchbald
Mrs. Wiggins.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by J. T. Allingham
Minor, the.....	Com.....	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Marie.....	Com.....	1 act.....	by H. R. Addison
Maid of Florence Trag.....	5 acts.....	Anon
Miser, the.....	Com.....	3 acts.....	by Henry Fielding

Metamora	Burlesque.....	1 act....	by J. Brougham
Maid of Mariendorpt..	Play.....	5 acts..	by Jas. S. Knowles
Maid or Wife....	Com.....	2 acts....	by B. Livius
Maid of the Mill	Com Op.....	3 acts....	by I. Bickerstaff
Maid of Bristol.....	Play.....	3 acts....	by Jas. Boaden
Mahomet.....	Trag.....	5 acts....	by Jas. Miller
Manfred.....	Dram Poem.....	2 acts....	by Lord Byron
Midnight Hour, the....	Com.....	3 acts..	by Mrs. Inchbald
Maid Marian.....	Opera.....	3 acts..	by J. R. Planche
Melmoth, the Wanderer..	Dram.....	3 acts.....	Anon
Moses in Egypt.....	Opera	3 acts.....	Anon
My Grandmother.....	Farce.....	2 acts....	by Prince Hoare
My Uncle.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by S. Beasley
My Wife or my Place.	Farce. 2 acts..	by C. Shannon & T. J. Thackeray	
My Sister Kate.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by Mark Lemon
Maid of Bath.....	Com.....	3 acts....	by S. Foote
Mysteries of Odd Fellowship..	Farce..	1 act.....!	Anon
Midas.....	Burletta.....	2 acts....	by Kane O'Hara
Mountain Sylph, the..	Opera.....	2 acts ..	by J. Thackeray
My Great Aunt.....	Com.....	1 act..	by J. R. Planche
Mysterious Lady.....	Com.....	2 acts....	by " "
My Heart's Idol.....	Com.....	2 acts....	by " "
Matrimonial.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by I. V. Bridgeman
Masaniello.....	Burlesque.....	1 act....	by R. B. Brough
Mr. Buckstone's Voyage..	Ext.....	1 act....	by J. R. Planche
Medea.....	Burlesque....	1 act....	by R. B. Brough
Miller of Derwentwater....	Dram.....	3 acts....	by E. Fitzball
Major Jones' Courtship....	Com	2 acts..	by Major J. Jones
Music Mad	Farce	1 act.....	by T. E. Hook
Man of Fortitude.....	Drama.....	3 acts..	by J. Hodgkinson
Miss in her Teens.....	Farce.....	2 acts....	by D. Garrick
Mother and Child are Doing Well..	Farce..	1 act..	by J. M. Morton
Man in the Moon, the....	Farce.....	2 acts....	by R. Phillips
Mountain King.....	Drama.....	3 acts.,.,.	by G. Almar
Mrs. G. or the Golden Pippin..	Farce..	2 acts....	by M. Barnett
M. P. or the Blue Stocking..	Com Op..	3 acts..	by Anacreon Moore
Married Unmarried.....	Drama.....	2 acts....	by M. Barnett
My Wife's Diary.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by Wm. Robertson
Moustache Movement, the..	Farce.....	1 act....	by R. B. Brough
Moving Tale, A.....	Farce.....	1 act.	by M. Lemon
Mephistophiles...Ext..	1 act....	by B. R. Brough & S. Edwards	
Marble Bride, the.....	Dram.....	2 acts..	by C. H. Hazlewood
My Friend the Major....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by C. Selby
Martha Willis.....	Drama.....	2 acts....	by D. Jerrold
Maid of Artois.....	Opera.....	3 acts....	by M. W. Balfe
Night Dancers, the.....	Opera.....	2 acts....	by Geo. Soane
Noemie.....	Dram.....	2 acts..	by Wm. Robertson
Nice Firm, A.....	Farce.....	1 act.	by Tom Taylor
Novelty Fair.....	Ext.....	1 act.....	Anon
Norma.....	Opera.....	2 acts....	by W. West
Nice Young Ladies ...	Farce.....	1 act.	by E. Sterling

Nipped in the Bud.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by C. Selby
Not at Home.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by R. C. Dallas
Nabob, the.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Old Chateau, the.....	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by J. S. Coyne
One Hundred and Two....	Drama.....	1 act.....	by H. M. Milner
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, by Adv....	Farce.....	1 act.....	Anon
Orators, the.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Of Age To-morrow.....	Comedy.....	2 acts.....	Anon
One Hour.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by T. H. Bayley
Ourselves.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by Miss Chambers
Old Maids.....	Play.....	5 acts.....	by J. S. Knowles
Oberon.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	Anon
Provost of Bruges.....	Tragedy.....	5 acts.....	by J. W. Lovell
Pinpoint of Honor.....	Play.....	3 acts.....	by C. Kemble
Paul and Virginia.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by Jas. Cobb
Prisoner at Large, the.....	Comedy.....	2 acts.....	by J. O'Keeffe
Padlock, the.....	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....	by I. Bickerstaff
Prize, the.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by Prince Hoare
Past Ten O'clock.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by T. Dibdin
Patron, the.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Purse, the.....	Drama.....	1 act.....	by J. C. Cross
Pickwick Club, the.....	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by E. Sterling
Party Wall, the.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by W. T. Moncrieff
Prince for an Hour.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by J. M. Morton
Platonic Attachments.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by Bayle Bernard
Prophecy, the.....	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by M. B. Fowler
Punch and Judy.....	Extrav.....	1 act.....	Anon
Pirate, the.....	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by T. Dibden
Queen of Arragon, the.....	P. Comedy.....	1 act.....	by H. Paul
Queen of Spades.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by D. Bourcicault
Queen's Jewel, the.....	P. Comedy.....	1 act.....	by W. Collier
Quaker, the.....	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....	by T. Dibden
Right and Wrong.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	Anon
Retribution.....	Tragedy.....	5 acts.....	by John Dillon
Ramah Droog.....	C. Opera.....	3 acts.....	by Jas. Cobb
Roses and Thorns.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by J. Lunn
Rosina.....	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....	by Mrs. Brooke
Recall of Momus, the.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by B. Thompson
Royal Shepherd, the.....	Opera.....	3.....	Anon
Red Rover, the.....	Drama.....	3.....	Anon
Richard Coeur de lion.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by T. Dibden
Rise of the Rothchilds.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by C. Z. Barnett
Ransom, the.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by Mrs. Planche
Ranelagh.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by J. P. Simpson
Railway Belle, the.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by M. Lemon
Sea Captain, the.....	Drama.....	5 acts.....	by E. L. Bulwer
Siege, the.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by Joanna Baillie
Sons of Erin.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by Mrs. Lefanu
Suspicious Husband.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by Dr. Hoadley
Student of Salamanca, the.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by R. T. Jameson

Sultan, the.....	Comedy	2 acts..	by I. Bickerstaff
Sultana, the.....	Drama	3 acts.Anon
Schoolfellows, the.....	Comedy.....	2 acts.....	by D. Jerrold
Siege of Belgrade.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by Jas. Cobb
Snow Storm, the.....	Drama.....	3 acts..	by W. Barrymore
Swedish Patriotism.....	Drama	2 acts.....	by W. Abbott
Spanish Barber.....	C. Opera.....	3 acts..	by Geo. Colman
Scan Mag.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by J. Poole
Statue Lover.....	Farce.....	1 act.....Anon
Seven Sisters.....	Drama.....	2 actsby G. Almar
Serf, the.....	Tragedy.....	5 acts.....	by R. Talbot
St. Patrick's Day.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by R. B. Sheridan
Swing.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by C. Z. Barnett
Sleep Walker, the.....	Farce.....	2 acts..	by W. C. Oulton
Sampson Agonistes.....	Tragedy.....	1 act.....	by John Aulton
School for Orators.....	Farce.....	1 act.....Anon
Slow Man, the.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by M. Lemon
Sink or Swim.....	Comedy.....	2 acts..	by Thos. Morton
St. Mary's Eve.....	Drama.....	2 acts..	by Bayle Bernard
Safe and Sound.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by T. E. Hook
Sailor's Daughter, the....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by R. Cumberland
School for Friends, the....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by Miss Chambers
Shipwreck, the....	C. Opera.	2 acts..	by S. J. Arnold
Soldier's Return, the	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....Anon
Simon Solus.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by Chas. Clewearing
Sylvana.....	Opera.....	3 acts..	by C. A. Somerset
Sworn at Highgate.....	Farce.....	2 acts..	by Geo. Daniel
Scrapegrace, the.....	P. Comedy..	1 act.....Anon
Son-in-Law the.....	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....	by J. O'Keeffe
Sprigs of Laurel.....	C. Opera.....	2 acts.....	“ “ “
Secret Mine, the.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	by J. S. Faucet
Spitfire, the.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by J. M. Morton
Trip to Scarboro, a.....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by R. B. Sheridan
Trust, the.....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by Chas. Breck
Travellers, the.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by A. Cherry
Time's a Telltale.....	Comedy.....	5 acts.....	by H. Siddons
Tears and Smiles....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by J. N. Barker
Trip to Calais.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by S. Foote
Touchstone.....	Comedy.....	4 acts.....	by Jas. Kenny
Three and the Deuce.....	Comedy.....	3 acts.....	by Prince Hoare
Thomas A'Becket.....	Play.....	5 acts..	by Douglas Jerrold
Tribulation.....	Comedy.....	2 acts.....	by J. Poole
Transformation.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....Anon
Taste.....	Comedy.....	2 acts.....	by S. Foote
Three Deep.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by Joseph Lunn
Tom Noddy's Secret.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by T. H. Bayly
Too many Cooks.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	by Jas. Kenny
Turning the Tables.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by J. Poole
Trumpeter's Wedding....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by J. M. Morton
Tale of Lexington, a....	Comedy.....	3 acts..	by S. B. H. Judah

Tancred	Drama.....	3 acts.....	Anon
Two Faces under a Hood..	C. Opera....	3 acts.....	by T. Dibden
Two Wives.....	Farce	1 act.....	by J. Parry
Two Pages of Frederick the Great..	Farce....	2 acts.....	by J. Poole
Tom Bowling.....	Drama.....	2 acts..	by A. L. Campbell
Tale of Mystery.....	Drama	2 acts....	by T. Holcroft
Tom Thumb.....	Burletta....	2 acts.....	by Kane O'Hara
'Tis all a Farce.....	Farce....	2 acts.....	Anon
Tower of Lochlain	Drama.....	3 acts.....	by D. Jerrold
Two Much of a Good Thing..	Farce.....	1 act.....	by A. Harris
Thetis and Peleus.....	Extrav.....	1 act.	Anon
Tender Precautions.....	Comedy.....	1 act.....	by T. J. Leslie
Time works Wonders	Comedy.....	5 acts....	by D. Jerrold
Urgent Private Affairs.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by J. S. Coyne
Uncle John.....	Farce.....	2 acts..	by J. B. Buckstone
Uncle Crotchet	Farce.....	1 act..	by Mrs. A. Phillips
Vintagers, the.....	Drama.....	2 acts.	by E. J. Eyre
Vampire, the... ..	Drama.....	2 acts..	by J. R. Planche
Venoni.....	Drama	3 acts....	by M. G. Lewis
Village Lawyer, the.....	Farce.....	2 acts.....	Anon
Vidocq.....	Drama.....	2 acts.....	Anon
Van Dieman's Land.....	Drama.....	3 acts..	by W. T. Moncrioff
Voice of Nature.....	Drama.....	3 acts..	by Wm. Dunlap
Venus in Arms.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by Mrs. C. B. Wilson
Very Serious Affair, a....	Farce....	1 act.....	by A. Harris
Very Suspicious	Farce.....	1 act..	by J. P. Simpson
Village Tale, a.....	Int.....	1 act.....	by A. Younge
Wrecker's Daughter, the..	Play.....	5 acts..	by J. S. Knowles
Way to keep him, the....	Comedy....	5 acts..	by Arthur Murphy
World, the.....	Comedy.....	5 acts..	by James Kenney
Who wants a Guinea.....	Comedy....	5 acts..	by Geo. Colman, Jr.
Woman's Wit	Play.....	5 acts....	by J. S. Knowles
Wreck of honor.....	Play.....	5 acts....	by John Dunlap
Xerxes the Great.....	Drama	5 acts.....	Anon
X. Y. Z.	Farce.....	2 acts..	by G. Colman, Jr.
Yeoman's Daughter, the..	Drama.....	2 acts	by T. J. Serle
Young Hussar.....	Drama	2 acts.....	by W. Dimond
Yes.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by C. A. Saunders
Yankee Notes.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by E. Stirling
Youthful days of William the Fourth.	Drama.	2 acts.	by C. Z. Barnett
Yellow Kids.....	Farce.....	1 act.....	by M. Barnett
Youth love and folly	C. Opera..	1 act.....	by W. Dimond
Yellow Dwarf.....	Extrav.....	1 act.....	by J. R. Planche
Young and Handsome.....	Extrav.....	1 act....	" " "
Your life's in danger.....	Farce.....	1 act..	by J. M. Morton
Zuma.....	Opera.....	3 acts.....	by T. Dibden



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